

# The House of Liars

See page 804

THE

SATURDAY

REVIEW

Volume 161

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Reduced for **2<sup>D</sup>**  
one month to

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

## WORDS OF WISDOM FROM A WISE MAN

**WHY** was the whole policy (of sanctions) started when utterly too late? Italy at the outset—like France later—was asked to commit national suicide. Signor Mussolini had already over 100,000 men in East Africa.

**WHEN HE WAS SUMMONED TO SURRENDER  
HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN ASKED TO  
BLOW OUT HIS BRAINS.**

No option remained for Italy but to stake all and fight to the death rather than accept the humiliation and downfall of a diplomatic Adowa. At the moment when it was adopted too late, Sanctions on our part meant a war policy or nothing. Yet the British Government avowed that it never meant war. *(Therefore—it was only venomous spite).*

*J. L. Garvin in the "Observer"*

*Reprinted from the "Daily Mail"*

## BRITAIN UNARMED

A British Government has kept Britain unarmed; has never, until recently, had the courage to tell the people that they must arm; tried to bluff a well-armed and determined nation.

When that bluff was called, Britain, once the proudest nation in the world, had ignominiously to admit that its policy was without force, and that it had been humiliated and discredited.

But in the process of that game of bluff many small nations had been misled. Abyssinia itself had been encouraged to wage a hopeless war and to suffer a final and ghastly defeat.

Can a Government which has been guilty of such a reversal of policy, which has had to admit to so gross an error of judgment, hope to carry any confidence again in any foreign negotiations which it must undertake for Britain?

Can a Government which, by neglecting its primary duty of arming Britain, has so shamed the nation before the world command any confidence at home?

There is always a limit to the public tolerance of political folly—and that limit is when character has completely gone and further confidence is impossible.

That limit the Government has now reached.

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# The SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED  
IN  
1855

No. 4212. Vol. 161 27th JUNE, 1936

AS everyone knows, all attempts to honour Lady Houston for having made possible the wonderful flight over Everest have been frustrated and frowned on by Mr. Baldwin's Government, it is therefore interesting and refreshing to her admirers to know that through the generous minded initiative of the Nepalese Government—the Surveyor General of India has accepted the name "Parvati Tal" (meaning the Lady of the Mountains) for the hot lake discovered on the Southern slopes of Mount Everest by the Houston Everest Flight in 1933.

The gallant and chivalrous Nepalese have thus perpetuated for ever the womanly foresight of the courageous and patriotic Patroness of this eminently successful and adventurous British Expedition.

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

What right has Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister of this country, to offer his sympathy to a Minister who has made an enemy of our best friend, dragged down our Empire till it is a by-word throughout the world and squandered millions from the public purse? The truth is that the Prime Minister treats England as though it was his own private estate.

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### The Sanctions Popgun

Britain wants to end Sanctions, Mr. Eden told the House of Commons last night, because they have not been effective. The League, having fired its popgun without hitting the bullseye, is to be advised by H.M. Government not to keep popping off when there is no target in sight.

Mr. Eden indicated that it had been expected that sanctions would be effective. That wants a lot of swallowing. The knowledge that effective sanctions meant war was not confined to Mr. Baldwin. How could it have been hoped that they would be effective against Italy when nobody was

willing to go to war over Abyssinia? What about the morals?

Though the point seems largely to have been lost sight of, sanctions were primarily intended to convey the horror and disgust inspired in the League's collective bosom by the behaviour of the aggressor.

The stark truth is that nations have no morals. The setting up of the League was an attempt, laudable but doomed to failure, to inject morals into international affairs. Sanctions were the wagged finger of an international morality that does not exist and never will. Their failure is a frank admission that the League is a washout. When the Government talks in one breath of scraping sanctions and maintaining the "League principle" it talks like a fool.

This is a hard pill for the League of Nations idealists to swallow, and it is no wonder that they say the harsh things about the Government that Mr. Lloyd George said, with such consummate vigour, last night. The Government, led first by Sir Samuel Hoare and then by Mr. Eden, has blown hot and cold—pro-sanctionist, anti-sanctionist, half-hearted sanctionist, make-believe



sanctionist—as the mood or the circumstances or the new broom at the Foreign Office moved it.

The Government does well to abolish sanctions. It will do better still if it will put paid to the League of Nations, that reach-me-down suit of morals off the Versailles peg with which the nations have pretended to clothe themselves. If there had been no sham League the Negus would have accepted Italian suzerainty without a fight and the whole melancholy business would long since have been forgotten.

From the sham League and its make-believe Covenant, from the pretence of a new international morality that our duped idealists mistook for the genuine article, from the dangerous humbug of sanctions and our resulting confession of naval and air weakness in the Mediterranean, the Government retires stultified and Britain stripped of prestige.

We stand branded as a people flaccid, shorn of power, willing to wound but not prepared to strike. We shall be lucky if we are not set upon before we have forged anew the weapons to defend ourselves.

*Evening News.*

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### Staking Our Existence

Long ago I wrote that the very existence of this country was being gambled with to further the political career of Mr. Eden—or words to that effect. So it was. The loudly acclaimed pet of all the anti-patriotic forces, he played with our safety, to their frantic applause, as a child might play with a stick of dynamite. Now they deride him! Naturally.

He has had to deny at last his own stubbornness on a course as crazy as the cruise of the *Girl Pat*—and never so amusing. Perhaps the experience will “larn” him something. And considering that, as Mr. B. now admits, the next big mistake may cost us our lives overnight from massed aircraft, this language is not very harsh.

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### How the Light Filtered Through

Just a brief review. It was not until December that Sir Samuel Hoare saw the light. Till then he had been a Geneva Big Noise. Sir Austen Chamberlain did not come out against sanctions till Addis Ababa had fallen. Mr. Neville Chamberlain did not speak his mind until ten days ago. Mr. B. and Mr. E. reserved their recantations until Thursday last. Meanwhile Europe rumbles to the mass production of armaments.

One point should be rammed home now. All the Government apologists are saying: “It turned out badly, but we were right to try it. And we must still uphold the principle of collective security, and strive to restore the League to its full authority.” What, yet again! This is but the old lunacy once more.

Drawing an absurd parallel from the guerilla period of the Boer War, one said, “if you keep up the pressure of sanctions for another year, you will find you will be able to make terms with Mussolini.” Another year! What would be happening beyond the Rhine by then? And would Musso kindly wait? Dear, dear, what counsel from our most historic Elder Statesman!



Early in the week Mr. Duff Cooper said that the situation to-day is far worse than it was in 1914. That is true, and one great factor that makes it so is that to-day our house is divided against itself. The whole Left Wing of it is full of wanton danger, and to-day men make serious political reputations by preaching rubbish which the ordinary Liberal of 1914 would have thought appropriate only to a padded cell.

*COLLINSON OWEN in the Sunday Pictorial.*

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### Starvation Outside Slums

I have been reading passages from a book “Poverty and Public Health,” written by a medical officer and a sanitary inspector, and published to-day (6s.) by Gollancz. The picture it draws of life on a housing estate, to which people were “transferred” from a slum in Stockton-on-Tees is so horrible that one hopes either that the authors are mistaken, or that this particular estate is unique. Their method of examination was to



study the weekly budgets of 28 families on the new estate and of 27 families in the old slum; then to collect all the information they could from 144 families earning between 35s. and £4. And they found that the removal from the slum, by doubling the rent to be paid and necessitating other extra expenses forced the families to put the buying of food last on their lists. Some families were found to have 2s. 10½d. a week per man for food; and even the notorious estimate of the British Medical Association was much higher than that. Remember that the B.M.A. report was issued in 1932. Since then the cost of food has risen.

*G.K.'s Weekly.*



# THE DUD

By Hamadryad

*"He (Mr. Eden) has thrown over nothing. He is a man of great ideals and great courage. He has seen the ideals at first seem to fail. He is going to pursue them without loss of heart and without loss of courage."*

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

The politician who declares  
That patriot fires consume his breast,  
Leaves us a prey to anxious cares,  
A sense of danger ill-suppressed,  
For though the flame may be intense  
'Tis seldom fanned by common sense.

And when a statesman's colleagues say  
He means to go on fighting still,  
Though all his schemes have gone agley,  
Their words are ominous of ill,  
For what they mean is, he's an ass,  
And means to stay that way, alas.

But when they add "He'll still pursue  
The great ideals for which he fights;  
He's had a nasty knock, it's true,  
But time puts all these things to rights,"  
They mean "He's not alone a fool,  
But stubborn as an army mule."

So you'll forgive us, Stanley dear,  
If we regard this sort of stuff,  
As food for the untutored ear,  
Not those that know good sense from guff,  
If the profound impression clings,  
That Tony's made a muck of things.

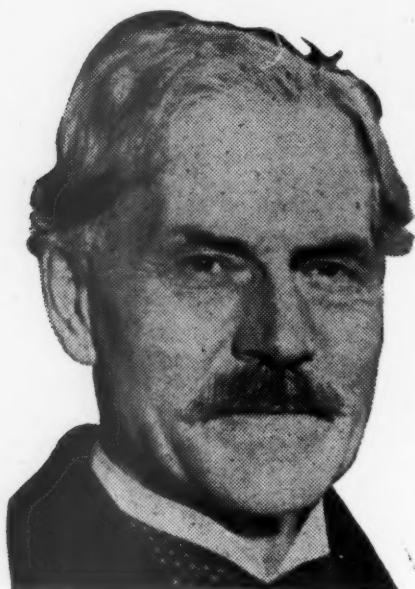
"Ideals" is not a word that's used  
For stunts that get us in a mess,  
And courage must not be confused  
With mere conceit or bumptiousness.  
Say what you will, the thought remains  
That Anthony is void of brains.

Or so it seems. The common man  
Observes the statesmen of his day,  
And judges them as best he can,  
By what they do, not what they say;  
Ignores their verbal catapults,  
And waits for them to get results.

Has Eden got results? Yes, these:  
He's made us look a futile race,  
Weak willed and wobbling at the knees,  
But hot on fighting — with its face,  
Bubbling to-day with righteous spleen,  
To-morrow nowhere to be seen.

The fault's not Eden's? I agree  
That Cabinets must count as one:  
You share the odium that he  
Has rightly earned by what he's done,  
Nor is your weakness less a curse  
Because the Socialists are worse.

But here's the fact: this Eden lad  
Has let the nation down and muffed  
A job he never should have had,  
And whether he is just a stuffed  
Shirt, or has brains he doesn't use,  
He's something we should like to lose.



MacDonald

# THE HOUSE

**“WHAT** of the Empire?”

These were the last words of His Majesty King George as he breathed his last breath at Sandringham on January 20, 1936.

“All is well with the Empire, Sir,” was the courageous reply of his faithful Secretary.

All was not well!

The dying words of King George were spoken five months ago. All seemed well with the Empire in that sad hour, and the Empire was slow to grasp the true significance of the dying King's ominous question.

The Jubilee celebrations were glorious and splendid. The Empire stood firm and strong. Its prestige was high in Great Britain, in the Dominions, and in every country all over the globe.

The whole world wondered at the might, majesty and power of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

**But the dying King was alarmed, anxious, and ill at ease. He knew more than his hoodwinked people. Our patriot King was filled with fears and forebodings.**

He knew why Mr. Ramsay MacDonald ceased to be Prime Minister on June 7, 1935, *immediately after the Jubilee.*

Mr. MacDonald first became Prime Minister on January 22, 1924.

He became Prime Minister for the second time on June 8, 1929.

He became Prime Minister for the third time on August 25, 1931.

He remained Prime Minister till June 7, 1935.

Look at the damning dates! In 1924 Mr. MacDonald was Prime Minister for ten months.

He was Prime Minister for precisely six years from 1929 till 1935.

**That is to say, he was Prime Minister for nearly seven years out of the eleven disastrous years, 1924-1935.**

During his seven years as Prime Minister he was President or Chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and therefore he was responsible for the general strategical defence of the Empire.

## SEVEN FATAL YEARS

In those seven fatal and fateful years he destroyed what it was his duty to maintain. He disarmed the Empire. He strangled the Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. He starved the Territorials to death.

**What is this impotent Imperial Defence Committee? IT DATES ONLY FROM 1904. IT IS NOT A COMMITTEE OF THE CABINET. NOTE THAT FACT WELL!**

It is constitutionally no more than an Advisory Council of the Prime Minister. **IT IS HIS CREATURE.** It sits in secret. *It is a junta controlled by the Prime Minister and the Lord President of the Council, Ramsay MacDonald.*

**IT WAS SUPPOSED TO CO-ORDINATE THE WORK OF THE THREE GREAT DEFENCE SERVICES ON LAND, ON SEA, AND IN THE AIR. THE EMPIRE FOOLISHLY TRUSTED IT, AND IT BETRAYED THE EMPIRE.**

**MR. MACDONALD, SINCE HE CEASED TO BE PRIME MINISTER ON JUNE 7, 1935, HAS BEEN LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, RANKING IN THE CABINET AFTER THE PRIME MINISTER AS THE SECOND GREAT OFFICER OF STATE.**

He was Deputy-Chairman of the Defence Committee. That is to say, he presided over it when the Prime Minister was not present. This fact was concealed for months. But on March 13, 1936, a thunderbolt fell upon Mr. MacDonald. Sir Thomas Inskip, a hack party lawyer, was made Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, and Deputy-Chairman of the Imperial Defence Committee. He superseded Mr. MacDonald!

# OF LIARS

By

**"The One Just Man"**

But MacDonald is still one of the fourteen members of the No-Defence Committee, and he still exercises great power in its secret councils.

## WHO ARE THE FOURTEEN ?

The Prime Minister, the Lord President of the Council, the Home Secretary, the War Minister, the Air Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Minister, the Dominions Minister, the Colonial Minister, the Chiefs of Staff of the Army, Navy and Air Force, and the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury.

In order to realise the sinister truth about the hack Cabinet and the hack Defence Committee, we must grasp this simple fact—that *these two bodies are both Secret Committees of Party Politicians.*

The Cabinet is a Secret Committee of Party Politicians. The Defence Committee is a Secret Committee controlled by the Prime Minister and Party Politicians.

## A SECRET COMMITTEE

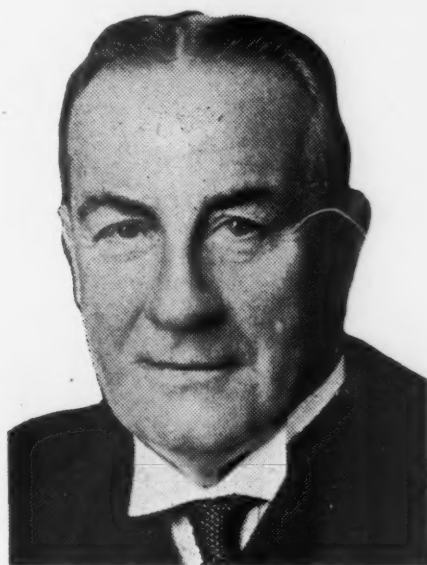
Lord Rosebery declared that "to the enquiring foreigner, nothing can seem more extraordinary, in a country with so much democracy about it, than the spectacle of a secret council, on the Venetian model, sworn to absolute silence, and conducting the business of a nation which insists on publicity for everything less important."

Lord Rosebery also affirmed that "of all anomalous arrangements for executive government in an Anglo-Saxon community, the **strangest is the government of England by a Secret Committee.**"

The Cabinet is a Party Committee and it is also a Secret Committee. The Defence Committee is also a Party Committee. It is also a Secret Committee. *They are secret Committees of Party Hacks.*

Both the Cabinet and the Defence Committee stand apart from nearly all governing councils in ancient and modern times. Their only analogy is the infamous Venetian Council of Ten.

The hacks ought to be held responsible for the sabotaging of our land, sea and air forces. The hacks ought to be hanged.



Baldwin

*The saboteurs are these two secret committees, the Cabinet and the Defence Committee. And it was behind these two juntos that Ramsay MacDonald, a defeatist during the Great War, made Great Britain and the British Empire defenceless.*

**HE OUGHT TO BE IMPEACHED, AND IF WE HAD A RESOLUTE AND HONEST HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HOUSE OF LORDS HE WOULD BE IMPEACHED OR ARRAIGNED BY A BILL OF ATTAINDER.**

According to the law of England, the executive government is Government by the King in Council.

*The King could, if he chose, attend any meeting of the Cabinet or the Defence Committee.*

**WILLIAM III AND QUEEN ANNE HABITUALLY PRESIDED OVER THE MEETINGS OF THEIR MINISTERS. THE CUSTOM FELL INTO DISUSE BECAUSE GEORGE III COULD NOT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!**

If our sovereigns had asserted their constitutional right to preside over the hack Cabinet and the hack Defence Committee, these two secret juntos could never have become a close committee of a party and partisan majority, or even of a party minority which holds office on sufferance by a corrupt party bargain.

*I hope His Majesty King Edward VIII will exercise his indisputable constitutional right to attend the meetings of the Cabinet, the Imperial Defence Committee, and of any other Committee of his Privy Council. It is his duty and his prerogative!*

He has the right to insist upon (a) the complete restoration of the now obsolete doctrine of the collective responsibility of Ministers and (b) the



absolute observance of the ancient and sacred oath taken by every Privy Councillor.

It is as members of the Privy Council that Cabinet Ministers are made a part of the legal constitution of this Realm.

There is no such thing as "a Cabinet Minister's Oath of Office." He takes the oath only as a Privy Councillor. He enjoys thereafter the title of Right Honourable.

His oath contains this clause:—

**"YOU SHALL KEEP SECRET ALL MATTERS COMMITTED AND REVEALED UNTO YOU OR THAT SHALL BE TREATED OF SECRETLY IN COUNCIL."**

The Budget Disclosure Tribunal Report found that "there was an unauthorised disclosure of information relating to the Budget by the Right Honourable J. H. Thomas."

Mr. Thomas is still a Member of His Majesty's Privy Council!

The so-called "National" Government (which is not National) has treated the Report of the Tribunal with evasive contempt, although the Tribunal in the last sentence of its Report boldly and bluntly stated:—

*"We think it right and in the public interest that our view in this respect should be openly and plainly affirmed."*

So long as a Privy Councillor found guilty of an unauthorised disclosure remains a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, the solemn oath taken by a Privy Councillor is rendered null and void.

But the "National" Government is dead and buried and a new Government is being rapidly formed behind the scenes.

It is certain that in this new Government Mr. Neville Chamberlain will be Prime Minister, and it will be his duty to submit to the King a list of Ministers who will be fearless and ruthless patriots and not party hacks. Winston Churchill will be on that list.

**THE OLD GANG MUST ALL GO. THERE MUST BE A PITILESS PURGE. THERE MUST BE A CLEAN SWEEP OF SWEEPS.**

Four months ago we were a proud people. We are, to-day, blushing in the Valley of Humiliation.

*We are in a plight which hardly any change can mend.*

But there is no calamity which can make a great people lose heart and hope. We are wrathful. We are ashamed. But we are also desperate! And we will destroy the leprous agents of our ruin.

We refuse to be governed by imbeciles and knaves. We decline to endure for another month indignities from which free men can expect no remedy but poison, no relief but death.

Posterity will not believe the bestial history of

these Four Dreadful Months! They will not condone our patience! They will not palliate our inertia! They will find no excuses for our servility!

Let us be men, not beaten curs. Let us get rid of all the worst politicians. Let us keep the best of a bad lot, but let us also have new blood. We do not care whether it is or is not blue blood. *What we want is red blood!*



Eden

**We have drunk the cup of shame to the dregs. Let us now exact vengeance and execute justice.**

*When the new Government is formed, let it go to the electors at once and furnish them with the opportunity they thirst for, the opportunity to hear the truth, and to choose a virile House of Commons instead of a venal horde of political eunuchs.*

The electors demand a strong Navy, a strong Army, a strong Territorial Force, a strong Air Force, a strong Mercantile Marine and a strong Fishing Fleet which will make England feared abroad and trusted at home. They demand a ban on the Reds who are in the pay of Russia.

In the saving of England and the Empire we must all pay our part, women as well as men.

**The Russian Reds are secretly sabotaging our warships. They have "cells" in our Army, our Navy, our Air Force, our dockyards, our arsenals, and our Civil Service.**

**They are plotting stay-in-strikes like those which have plunged Spain and France into chaos.**

We must kill the Snake of Communism before it kills us!

Our motto shall be:—

**NO COMPROMISE!  
NO SURRENDER!**

# Eve in Paris

PARIS looked gay with restaurants, hotels and cafés reopened, and brilliant sunshine added to the general satisfaction.

The attitude of some great French ladies, leaders of society, has been much criticised by their own "monde." After opening their salons to cultured and amusing Socialists, they received a shock when February 6th, 1934, saw the massacre in the Place de la Concorde, and their friendship for those responsible turned to horror. But, after the elections, when the Socialist leader spoke honeyed words, those dowagers and their circles veered round and declared that, after all, he was a reasonable man and would not touch vested interests. The strike altered their views.

They instantly cancelled such entertainments as they had planned (the Baronne Amaury de la Grange, a happy exception, not putting off her ball for young people) and departed for England or Switzerland, suffering from what is commonly termed "la frousse," in English, blue funk.

There was no reason for such unpatriotic conduct. Discomfort and dullness has naturally scared tourists away, but householders experienced few hardships beyond temporary privation of newspapers. Food was always procurable, and the strikers had been instructed by their leaders to avoid disorder.

All is well that ends well, but, *has* the trouble ended, or is it only beginning? The strikers are jubilant. They have been promised short days, high salaries and happiness. "A chimera," declared M. Caillaux.

When they discover their wages will buy little more, owing to rise in cost of living, when factories and businesses give up a hopeless struggle and close, what then? The Syndicalists are a disciplined, redoubtable army, but who will eventually lead them, and whither? Jouhaux, their chief, already complains of Bolshevik interference and propaganda, and disappointment will send his men into the arms of Moscow's agents.

The Senate had warned the Premier of the danger his policy entails.

\* \* \*

THE Bal d'Une Nuit d'Été will be remembered as the prettiest of social events in this disastrously short season. Organised by the Junior Guild of the American Cathedral of Paris, it was to have been held in the gardens of the Plaza Athénée, once patronised by American millionaires, but as this hotel decided not to reopen in view of the unfavourable conditions, the fête was given at the George V. The decorations, largely carried out by the organisers of the ball themselves, were of a filmy blue like a summer night's sky, with silver stars, original and effective.

More than 500 notabilities attended the supper. Dean Beekman and Mrs. Beekman, president of

the Guild, entertained at the table of honour the American Ambassador, just returned from England, and Mrs. Straus; Princess Margaret Boncompagni, and numerous friends. Others present were Prince Bertel of Sweden and the Archduke Francis Joseph.

Varied amusements were provided—dancing, parades of lovely mannequins arranged by Mme. Jean Lanvin, and the dancers Lola and Luis, who have proved immensely attractive at the Ambassadeurs. Mme. Marcelle Denya's beautiful voice was heard, nightingale of the summer evening, in favourite songs, and M. Henri de Fouquières with his usual cleverness auctioned some valuable gifts including a crystal watch, one of Osterig's new creations presented by him.

\* \* \*

CHANTILLY came into its own again with the French Derby, founded one hundred years ago and patronised by the Duke d'Orleans, young and popular heir to the throne. The wealthy and eccentric Lord Seymour won the race and bet the Duke he would win it for five consecutive years. He was fortunate in 1837 and 1838, but was beaten in '39 and had to pay over a large sum.

A perfect summer day enabled the *Elégantes* to wear, at last, seasonable array; filmy fabrics, beflowered muslins, hats large or very small, dresses very long or very short, as fancy dictated, for fashion seems to have laid down no rule.

The great race, "Prix du Jockey Club," went to Mieuxce, owned by M. Masurel. The favourite, Petit Jean, was fourth.

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FAVOURITES of the stage and music halls kept their gaiety and imparted it to depressed audiences during the late troubles, deserving well of "La Patrie," and when Maurice Chevalier announced a unique and surprising meeting at Le Tremblay racecourse in aid of the charity for sick and impoverished actors, not only theatrical people (notably good to their own) arrived in force, but friends and admirers and seemingly "tout Paris."

There was a contest for the smartest lady-owner and her automobile, won by Christiane Delyne, a tournament for ladies, many fair riders being unseated, though none hurt, trotting and galloping competitions; but the successes of the afternoon were the donkey steeplechase, and the dromedary race.

The donkeys, although ridden by eminent jockeys, were heedless of the honour, and showed more than their proverbial obstinacy. It was hard to get them into action, and before obstacles most of them simply stopped and meditated.

"Next year," said Chevalier, "we will have hedges of thistles. Our asinine friends will then eat their way through, and continue the race."

# Eyes that see not—

**M**R. BALDWIN talks of his "humiliation," as if *that* mattered, but if there could have been anything more humiliating than the way his Government announced its intention to cancel sanctions we have yet to hear of it. So far from the Government regaining any of its lost prestige by facing at long last its utter bankruptcy in statecraft, it showed itself to be led by poltroons and dolts.

To begin with, the only manly attitude of the Government would have been to acknowledge frankly that they had made a serious error in imposing sanctions at all, instead of which **THEY BOASTED THEY HAD NO REGRETS AND NOTHING TO APOLOGISE FOR, AND WHILST THEY TALKED IN ONE BREATH OF SCRAPPING SANCTIONS WITH THE NEXT THEY PROPOSED TO MAINTAIN "LEAGUE PRINCIPLES,"** trying to blow hot and cold at once, to please the Conservatives who had expressed their opinions for once very plainly and at the same time to conciliate the Sanctionists and the Left. As for the Sanctionists, Mr. Lloyd George, illogically and mischievously trounced the Government unmercifully; but it was well deserved, and Mr. Baldwin could think of nothing better than to congratulate his critic on his speech.

Then we had the unedifying spectacle of Mr. Anthony Eden, compelled to reverse his policy; the Foreign Minister who has gone out of his way to drag us into a quarrel with Italy, had the impudence to say that **THE CABINET HAD DECIDED TO REVERSE THEIR SANCTIONS POLICY ON HIS ADVICE!** Satan rebuking sin! In tendering this advice to the Government, had he had the decency to resign—as Mr. Lloyd George said—he might have made some amends.

## UTTERLY WRONG

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, who has the gravest responsibility to the Nation which pays him a salary of five thousand a year as an expert on these matters, has to admit his policy has been utterly wrong from the beginning. He has to admit it because the facts are too obvious. All these months he has been barking up the wrong tree and, being so wrong-headed, is quite capable of continuing the process had not Mr. Neville Chamberlain played a cold douche on him.

and an

## UNDERSTANDING—

He has placed our foreign affairs in a most precarious situation, and has proved that he has no flair whatsoever for such an onerous task, which needs a man of great ability, knowledge and insight—but he prefers to reverse his policy and hangs on to his job.

### PLEA FOR SYMPATHY!

Mr. Baldwin, in one of his dullest speeches last Saturday to which he treated the people of North Lanark, asked the meeting to feel some sympathy for Mr. Anthony Eden! *Sympathy!* "He has been accused of throwing over all he has believed in," said Mr. Baldwin. Certainly he has been so accused, and unless he was conducting his Sanctions policy against his own wishes and beliefs—in which case he should have resigned—the accusation is proven. Not so, says Mr. Baldwin. "He has thrown over nothing." The Prime Minister must be a poor judge of the public intelligence to talk rot like that, for it is not even arguable. **AND THIS IS THE MAN ON WHOM WE HAVE TO DEPEND TO GOVERN THE COUNTRY IN PRECARIOUS TIMES,** and to throw all his weight into the scale to rebuild our defences which he let go because he gambled on the League of Nations and "collective security"—the policy of Ramsay MacDonald.



STALIN

The real reason why Mr. Eden has not resigned, thereby imperilling his future career, is because had he done so Mr. Baldwin could not have let him go alone. The Prime Minister cannot sack one Foreign Secretary a few months back for pursuing a policy of which he approved—the Hoare-Laval negotiations—and then sack his successor whose policy he had also supported, and continue in office himself. There is a limit to everything, so, by a secret agreement in which a great many Conservative M.P.'s are concerned, neither resign. Very well. There is only this to be said, that every day Mr. Baldwin is tolerated as the Leader of the Conservative Party the worse it is going to be when the electors have a say. It is no good Mr. Baldwin trying to bluff the country. His bluff is poor stuff, and he only gives an impression of



# Ears that hear not

-that

## UNDERSTANDETH

By **KIM**

NOT

crass stupidity when he goes about seeking to excuse his failures, blatantly saying he has nothing to apologise for, and asking for sympathy for Mr. Eden, who still holds on his job.

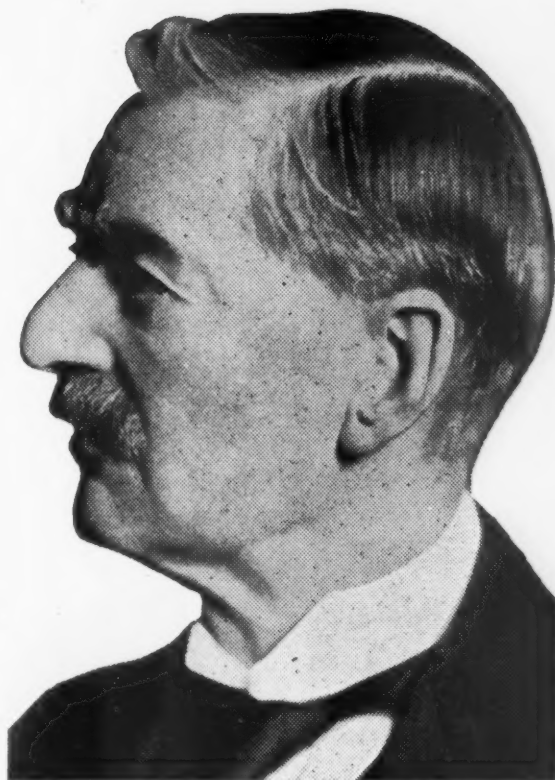
As long as Mr. Baldwin is left in control, the same lack of perception, of resolution and of bigness of outlook will remain. He will still quote his past speeches to justify himself, and since he says one thing one time and the opposite another he can find an easy solution to those diminishing numbers who will listen to him. He will still wobble in regard to the League of Nations, still attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, still endeavour to placate the Socialists and Sanctionists and Pacifists by talk of standing by the League and strengthening it, and at the same time still seeking to indulge in pin-pricks to irritate Mussolini in the Mediterranean. There will be no new spirit in the Cabinet which will drag along apathetically as before, whilst every day counts.

### OUR HUMILIATION

That is the real point behind everything. The root of our humiliation, as Mr. Winston Churchill says, is the lamentable weakness into which our defences have been allowed by Ramsay MacDonald to fall. Mr. Baldwin's Government dare not admit frankly that their support of the League and its "collective security" is the cause of our defencelessness, and Mr. Baldwin is taking no active steps to repair, as far as possible, his crowning sin which he committed in obedience to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is now utterly discounted, but still pulls the strings of foreign policy.

### THE PEOPLE IN REVOLT

The Prime Minister had some glimmering of the perils ahead when he said at North Lanark that he believed the horrors of another war might lead to a revolt of the people against all their leaders. It is true doubtless in the Bolshevik-run countries, and to-day France and Belgium are, despite all denials, in the grip of revolutionary Communism, paid for by Stalin and his sinister crew. The Trade Unions of this country are unpleasantly reminding us that they are largely Communist ruled, and a movement is in progress to imitate the French and start a series of stay-in strikes. The



Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Critic of the Foreign Secretary.

Government, if resolute, would rush through a Bill to render such strikes illegal. But will they? Not a hope. As they permit the L.C.C. to corrupt the school-children, insinuate Communism into their young minds, and practically force their teachers to inculcate hatred of England into them, who can expect any resolute action?

The revolt of the peoples will be the pacifist, Communist-doped nations whose democratic leaders have permitted the enemy in their midst. There will be no revolt in Germany, where old and young are looking forward again to "Der Tag," which they think will give them world control and infinite wealth. The Baldwin Government are playing at war-preparedness. Mr. Duff Cooper may go out shouting for recruits, but who believes in the sincerity of a man who said not long ago, "When I am asked if we are prepared to defend ourselves I say, No, and we don't intend to be." Hundreds of thousands of young men are left on the dole instead of being compelled to undergo training because the Government dare not face the facts or tell the truth, and they dare not purchase arms from America because it might cause a panic.

Mr. Baldwin is all make-believe. His Government is composed of poltroons and dolts, and he is being allowed to pave the way for a Socialist Government through his own disgusting incompetency and insincerity.

# SELASSIE—A MASTERPIECE OF

**"H**AILE SELASSIE is pleased with his welcome to England."

During the last few weeks these words have greeted us in every paper. Every page has teemed with photographs of the Negus. Every news reel has had pictures of him sitting, standing, walking in the gardens of Prince's Gate, laying wreaths on the Cenotaph, greeting the acclaiming crowds from the balcony, smiling at white ladies curtsying to him, receiving visitors in the drawing room of the Legation, which has been painted an "Abyssinian Pink" in his honour.

By  
**MERIEL BUCHANAN**

The Emperor who trusted in England and in the League of Nations, in the "solemn engagements of treaties." The Emperor who was let down, betrayed, driven out of his country by a cruel and aggressor nation! A brave man cruelly wronged!

These enthusiasts seemingly do not realise that the Negus fled, not from the Italian army, but from the fury of his own people, whose rage and vengeance he had just cause to be afraid of.



"Haile Selassie is pleased with his welcome to England!"

But the greatest insult of all is the unhappy and ill-conceived gesture made by the students of Edinburgh University that the Negus should be nominated as candidate for the Rectorial election caused by the death of Lord Allenby.

The dignity of the Emperor! His marvellous eyes! His wonderful smile! These phrases have been broadcast everywhere. The hysterical sympathy of the people has been fanned into flame by the adherents of the League of Nations Union.

And they have seemingly also forgotten that, before leaving, he gave orders to have his palace thrown open to the howling, bloodthirsty mob, knowing full well that that palace was stacked with rifles and ammunition, and that by this act he was seriously endangering the position of the Foreign Legations and the European residents of Addis Ababa. His own explanation of his flight is a masterpiece of hypocrisy—a monument of cowardice.

"We would have remained in Ethiopia," he

# OF HYPOCRISY

told a British correspondent, "if that could have been of service to our dear people, but neither our death nor our captivity could have achieved that purpose."

Had the Negus remained in Ethiopia neither of these eventualities would have taken place, and I have heard from a very reliable source that Signor Mussolini fully intended to leave Haile Selassie as virtual Emperor of Abyssinia under a mandate of Italy. His precipitate flight changed the whole situation, and Signor Mussolini acted accordingly!

When it was first announced that the Negus was coming to England, it was given out that he would remain incognito, and that his visit would be entirely unofficial, but in spite of this a huge crowd assembled to meet him on his arrival, banners and addresses were carried to the station, a representative of the Foreign Office greeted him, the traffic of London was dislocated, an Englishwoman knelt to present him with a bouquet of flowers, official receptions and parties have been given for him every day at Prince's Gate. Mr. Anthony Eden called on him and remained talking to him for over an hour.

## ENGLAND'S LOST PRESTIGE

I have heard it argued that this sentimental and infatuated enthusiasm is, after all, very harmless and that the crowds who bought Abyssinian rosettes and waved Abyssinian flags were mostly old ladies, but one must not forget what effect all this foolish hysteria will have in other countries. England has already lost her prestige in Europe owing to her championship of Abyssinia, her violent adherence to sanctions, which now lie rotting just outside the Garden of Eden in spite of the propaganda organised by Haile Selassie's American publicity agent. There can be no doubt that the Negus and his sympathisers made use of every form of propaganda in this country, and the greatest help and publicity has been given to his cause. And yet Marconi—one of the greatest men of all time—was not allowed to speak when he was in England last autumn, as it would have been "propaganda." Why was the Negus given such undiplomatic, almost criminal preference over this great man whose only desire was to maintain the friendship of England, where he has been such a welcome guest for so many years?

How some of the countries view the visit of the Negus has been made abundantly clear in the polite refusal sent by the Ambassadors of France, Belgium, Poland and Brazil, who were invited to a diplomatic reception at Prince's Gate. The Russian Embassy, the representatives of Czechoslovakia and Roumania, however, accepted the invitation, all the coloured residents of London and the suburbs flocked to the Abyssinian Legation, as also the members of the League of Nations Union, shedding tears over the woes of this fallen ruler,



**MOB HYSTERIA.**—Crowds surround the ex-Emperor car at Waterloo.

who has fled from his country, bringing with him all his gold and treasures and talking glibly of his refusal to recognise defeat, and insisting that he is still the Emperor of Abyssinia.

Synchronising with the arrival of the Negus a new paper made its appearance, edited by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and entitled *The New Times and Ethiopian News*. This paper started off with a demand that the Suez Canal should be closed, unless Italy puts forward an acceptable Peace Plan, and reinstates Haile Selassie as ruler of Abyssinia. Surely we have already had enough of this kind of demand! Can English men and women in all seriousness desire to see their sons blown to pieces by bombs, blinded, crippled and maimed in order that a ruler who was in the first place a usurper, possibly a murderer, and certainly an intriguer should regain his throne?

It should be made plain that the comfortable belief which seems to exist in so many people's minds that the war will be fought by the League of Nations is an entire misrepresentation.

In spite of Mr. Baldwin's assurance in the House of Commons that the Negus had renounced the direction of affairs and would not participate in the furtherance of hostilities, it is now clear that Haile Selassie has not renounced his title, but resolutely expects to be reinstated as ruler of Ethiopia and suggests that a loan should be raised in this country to assist him in this endeavour.

It is as difficult to follow the movements of the Negus as it is to understand the policy of our Government; but one can only hope that saner counsels may prevail and that Haile Selassie will not carry out his intention of attending the League Assembly at Geneva, for his presence at these meetings would inevitably intensify the already existing difficulties; it would be a triumph for Litvinoff and would frustrate any chance of peace and friendship with Italy.



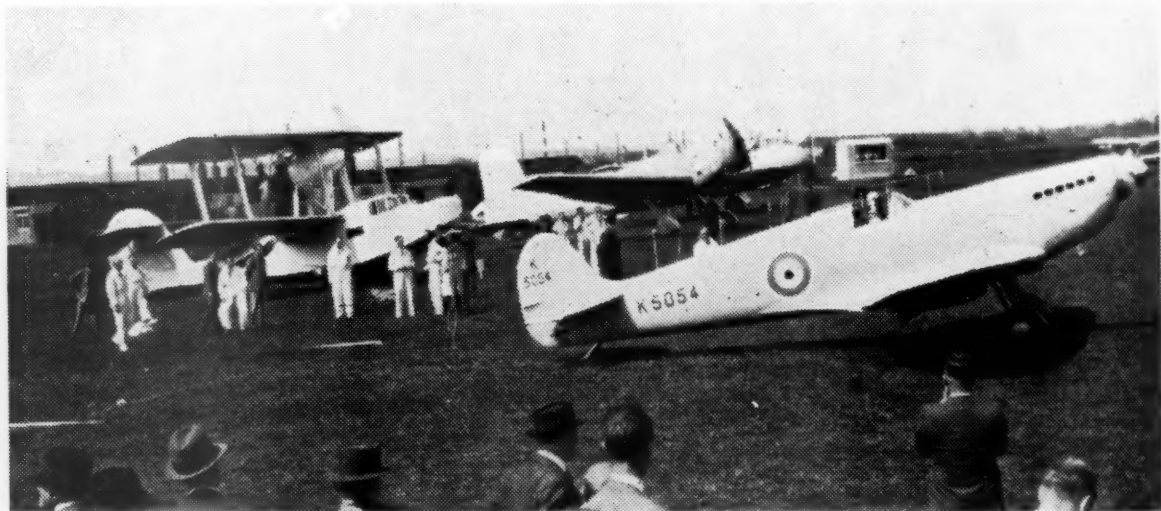
# Royal Air Force on Parade

By Our Air Correspondent

**T**HE Royal Air Force Display at Hendon this Saturday and the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Hatfield on the following Monday provide the finest opportunity that could be desired for estimating the present technical position of British military aviation. All the latest machines are at one or the other of these two displays and most of them are at both. They are flown by the best military pilots on Saturday and by the best civilian test pilots on Monday. In fact the two events together present an epitome of the Royal Air Force. Let us cast a critical eye upon the aeroplanes. There can be little doubt that they reach an exceptionally high standard. In speed and range, the two primary requirements in military aviation to-day, British aeroplanes are considerably in advance of any others in the world.

done most of the testing of this machine that it handles well and is not difficult to fly. It is very heavily armed and on the whole it must be regarded as a formidable barrier to the bombing aeroplane. It could catch a raiding bomber with the greatest ease and it could out-manceuvre it tactically with a swiftness and certainty that would enable the full force of its many guns to be brought to bear.

Politicians are fond of emphasising that, against the bombing aeroplane, there is no defence. That is but partly true. In fine weather squadrons equipped with fighting aeroplanes as good as the Spitfire would form a very good defence indeed. In fact, I should be sorry to be a member of the crew of any bombing aeroplane when it was attacked by a determined pilot in a Supermarine Spitfire.



The fastest military 'plane in the world, the Vickers Supermarine "Spitfire I," (foreground) taking off at Eastleigh Aerodrome, Southampton.

The fastest fighter yet made for the Service is the amazing little Supermarine Spitfire, which I had the opportunity of examining a week ago through the courtesy of the Supermarine and Rolls-Royce companies. This fighter is designed by Mr. R. J. Mitchell, who designed the seaplanes with which Great Britain, as a result of the generosity of Lady Houston, won the Schneider Trophy.

It is a small monoplane with an undercarriage which retracts in flight, and it has a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine of higher power than any other engine in the R.A.F. The exact speed figure is a secret. But I can go so far as to say that the maximum speed is not only over 300 miles an hour, but well over it! In spite of that high speed, the aeroplane is fitted with wing flaps which enable it to land slowly, and I am told by the pilot who has

I regard this small but powerful fighting aeroplane as one of the finest military productions of the British aircraft industry up to the present moment. Those who go to Hendon this Saturday should make a point of studying it in the new machine park and should also note its behaviour in the fly-past of new types. The machine to which they should next devote their attention is the new twin-engined Vickers monoplane bomber. This, when one is fully conversant with its construction, armament, performance and general design, must be accepted as being far in advance of the bombers which have so far been built abroad as the Spitfire is of the fighters.

The essential feature of the new Vickers bomber is that it is built upon Mr. B. N. Wallis's geodetic system of construction. This method of construc-

tion is exceedingly difficult to describe, because the describer soon finds himself in the same kind of quandary as the person who tries to describe a spiral staircase. To put it in the briefest possible way, the geodetic form of construction causes the forces on the wings and other parts of the machine to *crawl round the surfaces*. In the ordinary wing the forces are taken by spars and struts and wires inside the wing. In a geodetic wing there are no internal spars, struts or wires in the ordinary sense. The wing is empty, which incidentally permitted Mr. Wallis his jest, during a technical discussion in which he was asked to describe his system, that there is "really nothing in it."

### ***Immense Wing Span***

A wing built on the geodetic system is formed of a web of metal strips which wind round in opposite directions, crossing each other. Remarkable lightness for strength is achieved in this way and the wing is very rigid torsionally, which enables it to be made of great span. The new Vickers bomber shows this great span to good effect, its wings stretching 85 ft. 10½ ins. from tip

to tip. Marked aerodynamic advantages accrue from this immense span.

Again I am prevented by the regulations from publishing the facts about the performance of the new bomber. But calculations indicate that it should be truly astonishing. The Wellesley geodetic monoplane, forerunner of the twin-engined bomber and the first machine to be built on the geodetic plan for the Air Force, if filled up with petrol could fly 8,000 miles non-stop. The twin-engined machine's performance may be partly guessed at from that fact.

These then are the two outstanding machines at the Display. There are many other machines of note; and I think that it is permissible to feel a certain satisfaction with the way in which the aircraft industry has responded to the call made upon it by the Government. Its response, from the technical point of view, has been magnificent. And the lesson to be learnt is that our Royal Air Force can always be well equipped provided only that the Air Ministry gives sufficient freedom and sufficient encouragement to the aircraft and aero-engine manufacturing firms.

*Reprinted from Mr. J. L. Garvin's article in the "Observer"*

## **What Is Wrong**

THE bitter harvest we have reaped (from Sanctions) was foreseen and predicted from the first by cool judges. Then why was it not foreseen by the British Government? Mr. Baldwin and a majority of his colleagues are members of the Unionist Party, which has a distinctive tradition of solid common sense in foreign and Imperial affairs. Why did they take the whole of their sanctionist policy from the Left, though that quarter was as frantic in foolishness and credulity on these difficult practical matters of peace and disarmament as it always had been, and as we see it to be still?

Why did they moot Sanctions which had never been tried before without the least attempt to organise the procedure beforehand, or to think the consequences right out? Why did they mobilise the League to that end when it could be only less than Half-a-League for the purpose—when only three Great Powers out of seven could be available for any action, and when it was notoriously impossible even for the three to be fully and resolutely united in the manner that was the elementary requisite of success? How could France be expected for the sake of Abyssinia to commit national suicide and make Herr Hitler—not the League—the arbiter of Europe?

### ***The Climax of Mismanagement***

Why was the whole policy started when utterly too late? Italy at the outset—like France later—was asked to commit national suicide. Signor Mussolini had already over 100,000 men in East

Africa. When he was summoned to surrender he might as well have been asked to blow out his brains. No option remained for Italy but to stake all and fight to the death rather than accept the humiliation and downfall of a diplomatic Adowa. At the moment when it was adopted too late, Sanctions on our part meant a war policy or nothing. Yet the British Government avowed that it never meant war.

### ***Mussolini Never Bluffed***

Then, what tangible foundations for this policy or any part of it could Mr. Baldwin's third Administration have seen? Why did they accept the egregious theory that Signor Mussolini was bluffing though he had never bluffed, and on his part bluffing in this particular case was impossible? Why were they ignorant of the real nature of the ramshackle and grossly misgoverned medley called the Ethiopian Empire?

Yet all this is the least. The admitted failure is no mere negative failure. It has been a prodigious fiasco leaving Britain and the Empire burthened permanently and irrevocably with positive consequences of the gravest and largest kind. Six short months ago, we ought at least to have settled on the basis of the Hoare-Laval proposals. With inexpiable weakness and irreparable misjudgment they were first approved and then repudiated in confusion and panic by the self-same Cabinet except Sir Samuel Hoare. Even then Abyssinia proper could have been kept almost intact and

there would have been many collateral advantages from the standpoint of the League.

Instead Italy was spurred and forced by British policy to conquer the whole of the Ethiopian Empire and to create a huge and formidable position between the whole of the upper valley of the Nile and the Red Sea route to India. But this vast change to the unique disadvantage of the British Empire has been unnecessarily created by the unprecedented mismanagement of the British Government itself. Nothing else could have done it.

### **"If It Goes On Like This . . . ?"**

This is a drastic indictment, but it rests on chapter and verse. In the public interest we cannot abate a word of it. The record is one that would not have been tamely tolerated by Parliament and the country in any former generation. It is fatal to democracy to say that no real responsibility rests to-day upon Ministers for the consequences of their acts; that recital of their well meaning is sufficient exculpation; and that when national and Imperial interests have been misjudged and mishandled no one is to be brought to book. There is not a single walk of practical life except politics in which that plea of good intentions would be accepted as mitigation.

If all this is the evidence of sheer Ministerial debility, taking the Government as a whole, what better success can be expected in those other and more momentous connections on which the very existence of the nation and the Empire is staked?

Take defence. What guarantee or presumption have we that Britain's due relative strength whereon her life depends will be reconstituted in time by a Cabinet so exceptionally unable to compete with the dynamic energy of the dictatorships or to communicate any kindling inspiration to the country?

The fundamental truth of the public situation was not touched by anyone in Thursday's debate. Defence is at the bottom of it. But that neglect and procrastination were continued far past all excuse despite the grimly changed conditions of the world, the Abyssinian crisis never would have arisen in the form it took. That is what the House of Commons should remember. Unless our needs are more thoroughly grappled with, our measures speeded up, and the whole country awakened to promote them, we shall have still worse surprises in the future and we shall come to our downfall.

### **What Might Be Yet**

Even yet the great steps that would have made a tremendous impression on the world, and restored our shaken repute at a stroke, have not been taken. We shall show in another article what those measures should be.

Enough to say for the present that the one comprehensive power in which we are superior to both Germany and Italy is the power of finance. It has not been used boldly as the emergency demands. Like no nation outside the United States, we have

## **THE CONQUEROR**



**MUSSOLINI NEVER BLUFFS**

the double ability not only to make armaments, but to buy them. Were the whole country fully roused to co-operate, Britain could be restored, just in time, to a strength which would either command peace or turn the scales.

### **Re-model the Cabinet!**

But decisive leadership in that sense never can come from the Government as now constituted. Let Mr. Baldwin at least re-model his Cabinet so as to secure by delegation to an inner executive the driving-power which it is not his gift to supply.

The responsible majority of the House of Commons has two plain duties before it. In next Tuesday's debate on the motion of Censure it is bound to vote down the madness of the Left, whose policy, so far from ever having been at any time a sane alternative to that of the Government, would have plunged us into unprepared war and destroyed the peace of the world. Afterwards the same responsible majority of the House of Commons is bound to demand and, if need be, to enforce a more powerful promotion of defence and the efficient reconstruction of Government.



# Strange Cargo

By Dan Russell

**F**IRST came the frost. For days the land lay locked in its iron grip and though the sun shone it had no power to free the earth from the cold clutch of the Frost King. After the frost came the snow. Gradually the clear sky became grey and cloudy and a raw wind beat up from the east, bringing with it the blanketing snow. For four days it snowed until the land was thickly overlaid with a blinding-white covering. It piled in deep drifts against the walls and in the hollows, and many of the small wild creatures perished. Then, with startling suddenness came the thaw. And with the thaw came rain, rain which beat out of a leaden sky and poured in torrents upon the cowering earth.

Where a few days ago there had been fields and hedges there was now a vast lake. As far as the eye could see was water which gleamed and shimmered under the weak rays of the sun. The bodies of countless numbers of the wild things floated on the surface. Larger corpses were there too, sheep and bullocks which had been unable to make their way to safety. Beneath the water the drowned rabbits rotted in their burrows.

On the surface of the flood floated an uprooted willow. It bobbed and twisted with the gentle current. Sometimes it was broadways on and sometimes endways. The water which had soaked into its rotten underside helped to keep it stable, much to the relief of the passenger which crouched in terror among the sprouting branches at the tree's top.

It was a rat who rode on this strange vessel, a big yellow-toothed buck rat. He had been there since the previous evening when, swimming on the flood he had bumped into the tree and scrambled aboard. He crouched motionless and watched the water with his beady eyes. He had not kept his craft without a fight, for twice he had had to repulse the efforts of other swimmers to board his tree. They had, however, been rats smaller than himself so he had beaten them off with ease.

The tree floated on its aimless career. It drew near to a pollard lime tree which stuck its bald crown above the water. On this island tree-top sat a weasel. Not the keen, immaculate killer of the fields but a very wet and bedraggled weasel who gazed dolefully over the waste of water.

Suddenly he spied the floating tree and without hesitation he cast himself into the water and began to swim out to it. The rat watched him fearfully,

for the weasels are the deadliest enemies of the rodent kind. But he need not have worried, the weasel had troubles enough of his own. He climbed aboard the tree and ensconced himself between two roots. There he sat and dried himself. He was aware of the rat, but was too miserable to make a fight of it. The rat watched him, his big teeth showing ready for action.

So they rode the waters, this strangely assorted pair of enemies, and neither made a move to harm the other. Their common peril had declared a truce between them. The day wore on and the dusk began to darken the water. The rat and the weasel still rode on their tree, one at either end. The weasel, to save his face, pretended he did not know the rat was there. The rat, unashamed of his dread, kept his eyes fixed on the little red killer.

The day was almost gone when they became aware of something swimming on the water. A

humped, rounded figure which breasted the flood gallantly in a desperate effort to get to the tree. Instantly both rat and weasel were alert. They ran up and down the trunk trying to find out who this newcomer was, and to prevent him from boarding. Their enmity was forgotten in the face of this common foe.

The swimmer was a hedgehog. His little legs

worked like lightning as he paddled to keep his long snout above water.

The weasel saw the pointed snout of the hedgehog appear over the tree's side and made a hissing rush at it. But as he reached it the head ducked down and he pricked his nose against the bristly spines. The hedgehog dropped back into the water and swam beside the tree. Both the rat and the weasel watched for his re-appearance but when he did come it was behind them, from the other side of the tree, and when they turned he was safe curled in a ball of spines between two roots.

So they settled down as before. The weasel at one end of the tree, the rat in the middle and the hedgehog among the roots and still the truce held.

For two days the flood continued, then in one night the water subsided. The willow tree grounded on a bank and soon the fields were again visible. Three exhausted mariners crept ashore.

The hedgehog waddled grunting in search of food. The rat scuttled away in haste. Only the weasel remained. Carefully he groomed himself. Then he became aware that he was starving. He lowered his nose and with a business-like air he followed on the trail of the rat.



The Flood

# THE GREAT BETRAYAL

## Why Not Tell the Nation

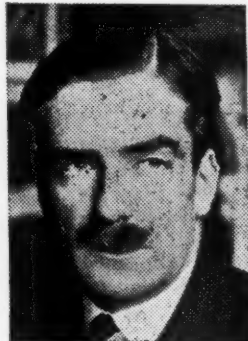
**S**O old Sealed-Lips has taken off some of the sticking plaster and mumbled something about dropping sanctions because he had to run away from war!!

Never in the whole history of politics has there been such an exhibition of political betrayal as we have seen drawing to its last phase in the past fortnight.

Mr. Baldwin and his young friend Sanctiony Eden pressed the fifty dupe nations of Geneva to apply sanctions to Italy.

They well knew at that time two things—that Britain was unarmed and could not therefore risk the retaliation of the well armed determined nation that was being attacked, and that Mussolini was not as they pretended a mere bluffer.

Baldwin to-day declares that sanctions drew Britain to the verge of war with both Italy



Baldwin and Eden, who have led Britain to the brink of war.

and Germany. This paper told him that six months ago. Hoare was thrown out of the Cabinet for saying the same thing.

**WHY WAS BRITAIN LEFT UNARMED ?**

**WHY WERE SANCTIONS PRESSED WHEN IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THEY WOULD BRING US TO WAR ?**

**WHY IS EDEN WHO WAS THE VERY SPEAR-HEAD OF THIS FUTILE POLICY LEFT IN OFFICE TO REPRESENT BRITAIN WHICH HE HAS BETRAYED TO NATIONS HE HAS EITHER MISLED OR AFFRONTED ?**

These questions need an answer. In any age but this soft era of National complacency

By . . .

**“HISTORICUS”**

they would have been answered under a Bill of Attainder or Impeachment.

Even now the fools who press for sanctions, the wild followers of the dreaming Lord Cecil, are not told exactly what it is they are asking for.

Italy is a nation with one of the finest air fleets in the world. She is dominating in submarines in the Mediterranean. She has light tanks and lorries and sea-sleds.

Germany is even more strongly armed.

Britain is under-armed and cannot make progress because of her old-fashioned, slow political system.

**BRITAIN IS VULNERABLE FROM THE AIR. HER POLITICAL CAPITAL CAN BE RAIDED FROM EITHER BERLIN OR TURIN. HER FLEET IS AT THE MERCY OF THE AIRMEN.**

If there is a war and by aerial attack or blockade Britain is cut off from her imported food for a fortnight, there will be famine and complete disruption within these islands.

These are the things for which our crazy sanction-mongers are asking.

Italy has laughed at the effect of sanctions upon her people.

She is fresh from a victorious war concluded in an incredibly short time despite the prophecies of British military experts that she would be defeated.

She is not going to be frightened by more sanctions.

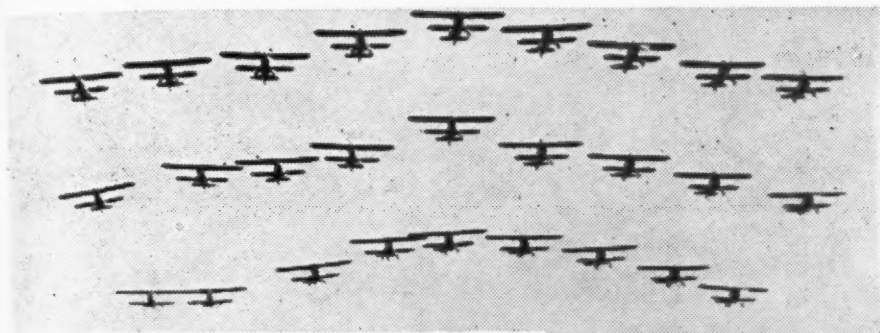
Our woolly minded Genevists who prate of punishing the aggressor should ask themselves—with what ?

**These fanatics who are now screaming for war by the perseverance with sanctions for fifteen years kept us unarmed.**

They made Britain weak when other nations were growing strong. Now they ask that weakened country they have brought to impotence to attack victorious Italy and to invite

# ITALY—LAST PHASE

## Nation the Truth?



Italy is ready. She will stand no further nonsense from Geneva. Her air fleet is one of the finest in the world; her troops are flushed with victory.

by their action a European war which would be dominated by Germany.

There must be no mistake about this—**CONTINUED SANCTIONS MEAN THE END OF BRITISH CIVILISATION. THEY MEAN A RIOT OF HORROR AND CARNAGE IN THESE ISLANDS FROM WHICH THE IMAGINATION REELS.**

If those who cry aloud for more sanctions would add their voices to those who cry for more arms they would be serving their cause better.

**The only protection against aggression is armed strength. To refuse to arm and then to try conclusions with aggressive neighbours is a madman's form of suicide.**

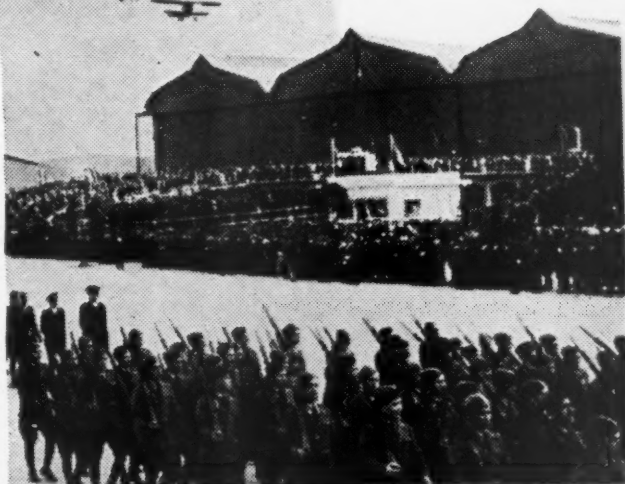
What standing has this once great nation in the counsels of Europe to-day? Eden has made the name of Britain a bye-word. He misled the Negus to his doom. He misled the other small nations. He has been openly shamed by Mussolini, a strong man determined on the dominance of his own nation, and not concerned with the fantasies of Geneva.

The Eden policy has displayed Britain as impotent to fulfil her own promises.

There is only one thing now to do. It is to restore this land to its old position of strength.

**THE WAY TO DO THAT IS TO GET RID OF THESE INDOLENT TRAITORS WHO REDUCED OUR ARMS AND THEN ANTAGONISED OUR OLD FRIENDS.**

The men who have linked us to Russian Bolshevism, which Germany has sworn to destroy, without giving us the means to defend ourselves, cannot be left in charge of our destinies.



We want men who will tell the nation the truth—and having told the truth will promptly organise the people in their own defence.

**TO HELL WITH LITVINOFF. TO HELL WITH GENEVA.**

Let us face facts—let us return to a policy of Britain first.

That means an abandonment of this crazed dream of sanctions and a return to a policy of vigorous arming.

It will mean self-sacrifice—but Britons will give that for their own country. They will not give it to further the plans of Russia.

Britain to-day should be aligned with the Totalitarian States against Communism and Bolshevism, not aligned with Bolshevism.

She should be equipped to play her part in purifying Europe, and should not be a party to the spread of that insidious poison which has ruined Spain and France and Belgium.

Baldwin and Eden will not realise that this is the will of the nation.

Let them vacate the Offices they have stultified and make room for men **AND PATRIOTS.**



## Still a C3 Nation

By Norah March, B.Sc.

(Secretary of the National Baby Week Council)

ON two notable occasions in the past, war emergencies have provided the stimulus for epoch-making developments in the public health services. The first of these occasions was the South African War, when the lamentably high proportion of men rejected for the army aroused the public to the need for safeguarding the health of the State's future citizens, with the result that in 1907 the Education (Administrative Provisions) Act was passed—the first Act of Parliament to provide for the systematic detection of physical defects among school children.

The second of these two historic occasions was the Great War, the last year of which saw the passing of the Maternity and Child Welfare Act, heralded by that amazing piece of nation-wide propaganda, the first National Baby Week, in 1917. The steady destruction and damaging of the flower of the nation's vitality throughout the four years of the War forced us to salvage infant lives, half of which were at that time being lost annually through preventable causes.

### The Physically Unfit

It looks now as though the needs of national defence are to provide yet another stimulus for the development of our child health services.

In the year 1911-12, we learn from authoritative sources, nearly 25 per cent. of all the recruits examined were rejected as physically unfit. During the years of the Great War, the standard was substantially lowered, but even so, the statistics were disquieting. The National Service Medical Boards examined 2,425,184 men of military age during the year ending November 1st, 1918. Only 36 per cent. of these were perfectly fit and healthy; 22.5 per cent. were on a definitely infirm plane of health and strength, whether from some disability or some failure in development; 31.5 per cent. were incapable of undergoing more than a very moderate degree of physical exertion and could almost (in view of their age) be described as physical wrecks; 10 per cent. were chronic invalids with a precarious hold on life.

But surely we have changed all that, with our remarkable and much publicised provisions for safeguarding national health? The Minister of War will save us from complacency. He has stated in public that 35 per cent. of recruits were rejected as physically unfit during 1935.

We must guard against complacency. Our provisions for safeguarding the health of our citizens are still disjointed, still incomplete. The National Baby Week Council has seized the occasion of the twentieth National Baby Week (to be celebrated from July 1st to 7th) to expose one of the most glaring of those gaps—our neglect of the child from two to five years of age. Surely it outrages common sense that we should cherish the infant until his second birthday, and then (except in a few districts where the sense of civic responsibility is exceptionally high) leave him to his own devices until his fifth birthday, when he is handed over to

the school medical service, a bundle of damaged goods, neglected during the most crucially important period of his whole life, and allowed to develop a host of preventable ailments that should never have occurred.

To begin at school age is to begin too late, when the foundations of good development have been undermined. Until the problem of the pre-school child receives the attention it deserves, the National Baby Week Council will continue to demand more nursery schools, adequate health visiting staffs to advise parents of pre-school children on problems of management, a sufficient service of clinics where the pre-school child can receive systematic medical supervision. To expend so much in safeguarding the infant, then to neglect him, and finally to be forced to expend so much more public money in putting right the consequences of our neglect is surely a Gilbertian situation.

## An Underground Village

By Gilbert Moore

AWAY in the Orkney Islands there exists a prehistoric village which has attracted the attention of archaeologists from all parts of the world. Situated on the Bay of Skail it occupies one of the most beautiful situations in Orkney.

In front of the village there lies a sandy bay where, on summer evenings, the waves make low music.

The existence of such a place was first suspected in 1850, when a great storm stripped off the grass and sand which had hitherto covered it. It was not until 1925, however, that excavations were actually undertaken and the village was put under the care of an official who shows visitors round.

To enter the village one has to stoop and pass in through a small tunnel which is just four feet high. The people who occupied the village must have been very small of stature.

Passing along a paved roadway the visitor finds entrances to the various houses which consist of ten self-contained huts, connected by covered galleries.

Evidently the people of those days believed in having their village securely protected against enemies. Once they had entered no enemy could possibly get at them. Possibly we have something to learn from them. This village could not have been bombed from the air as it would have been indistinguishable from its surroundings.

The site is clearly prehistoric, as no metal tools were discovered in the ruins. The villagers only used tools of stone and bone. Among the relics which are still preserved are stone axes and knives of bone.

The houses themselves are small rectangular buildings. In the centre of each house there is a square fireplace. On one side of the rooms there are stone structures which appear to have been used as beds. Doubtless the mattresses were composed of heather and bracken!

Above the beds there are holes in the wall which were possibly used for keeping the personal belongings of the people during the night.

## RACING

# A Great Week of Sport

By David Learmonth

IT was a great week for the "quality"; for those who could afford to see any of the racing at Ascot could presumably afford to see the postponed second match of the Westchester Cup also.

We hear a great deal about democracy in these days, in fact, only last week the House of Commons was informed that the Road Fund was to be "placed under democratic control," whatever that may mean. A little more democracy would be an excellent thing at Ascot.

By democracy I do not mean red revolution such as relaxing the regulations for entry to the Royal Enclosure. I merely mean the building of adequate stands. Ascot provides the finest four days' racing of any racecourse in the world; it is in every sense of the word a royal meeting. As such it has always seemed to me a thousand pities that more of His Majesty's subjects cannot get a good view. As things are at present, it is doubtful if some of them see anything of the racing at all.

## Badly Laid-out Course

On the other hand, it would not be at all a bad plan to construct a special building behind the stands for those who prefer not to see the racing, such as those two ladies recorded gloriously by Clive Graham who retreated from the neighbourhood of those horrible horses because they smelt so nasty.

One day I am quite sure that genuine race-goers will be better catered for; because improvements are made every year at Ascot. An enormous reservoir has even been constructed so that there can be no failure of supplies with which to water the course in the event of drought.

It is no use blinking the fact that Ascot is an exceedingly badly laid out course, and I am quite willing to admit that any alterations which would be adequate to meet the situation would be exceedingly costly. But then it is exceedingly costly to go to Ascot and it is Gilbertian to pay thirty shillings a day for the privilege of seeing nothing, which is what happens at present. Heaven knows what pleasure the public get out of visiting the cheaper rings.

Those, however, who were privileged to see the sport had their full money's worth on Cup Day and witnessed a race which may well become historic. With the exception of Brantôme, whose form I am convinced was all wrong last year, and possibly those two great stayers, Massine and Filibert de Savoie, who finished first and second a few years ago, it must be a long time since we have had so powerful a challenger as Omaha.

Good judges before the race were inclined to rate him as better than these two French horses, though this could only have been guess work, as the

American horse had no form over such a distance. Still, with rather a dearth of class stayers in England, it is not surprising that many thought the Cup would go abroad.

However, we kept it, by the skin of our teeth it is true, through the medium of one of the gamest fillies who ever looked through a bridle.

There was some space-filling talk in the Press afterwards about what a fine foal would result from the mating of Quashed with Omaha. I have not studied the question; but it may be of interest to note that Quashed also has American blood in her pedigree, the American horse Umpire being the sire of her fourth dam, Wrangle. The Umpire strain is, in fact, one of three which bar Quashed from the Stud Book.

Lord Astor was the leading owner of the meeting, winning three valuable races, which may be some consolation to him for his bad luck in the Derby; for after the way in which he slammed Mahmoud in the St. James's Palace Stakes Rhodes Scholar must have had an outstanding chance at Epsom. However, the colt may win the St. Leger, a much luckier race for his owner.

On the other hand, the Aga Khan must be regarded as having had a poor meeting, though his two-year-old Le Grand Duc, a son of Blenheim out of a good staying mare, put up a very impressive performance when winning the New Stakes and is certainly one not to lose sight of. Taj Akbar was, however, well beaten in the Waterford Stakes by the King's colt Fairey on much softer going than we had had previously, and, in spite of Thankerton's victory in the Jersey Stakes, it seems likely that the Derby horses had not fully recovered from that race.

## At Hurlingham

As was generally expected, the bright chances of an English victory brought the crowds to Hurlingham on Saturday, and there did not appear to be a vacant seat anywhere. Here again, judging by the number of sunshades in evidence on the East Stand, spectators on that side of the ground must have had difficulty in seeing. That, however, was not the fault of the authorities.

On the other hand, something went seriously wrong with either the parking arrangements or the traffic control. There was a solid phalanx of cars at about a quarter past two from east of World's End to the gates of the ground, and it took me over an hour to motor that distance. Many people who had chauffeurs got out and walked. Some better scheme must be devised next time.

The game itself was not quite so good as the first one; the opening chukkas were inclined to be slow; but the players warmed up later and the end was exciting enough, particularly when we all but equalised at seven goals all.

We invite our readers  
to write to us express-  
ing their views on  
matters of current  
:: :: interest :: ::

# WHAT OUR

## The Peril That Is Red

SIR,—I fear that to the question Whither India? propounded by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, there can be only one answer "towards a second Ireland." It will be recalled that Mr. Patal paid a visit to Mr. de Valera in Dublin—hardly to congratulate him on the beauties of the Liffey, but obviously to study his methods—with the result that Congress are avowedly committed to a policy of "total independence."

As if this was not a sufficiently appalling calamity, I would venture to suggest that it is merely the first step in the Bolshevik plan to break up the British Empire and establish the inestimable blessings of a Soviet in Great Britain.

This is no mere alarmist's wild statement, but everywhere Bolshevik "cells" are established (as in his article it was pointed out Jawaheer Lal and his father, Nehru, had both studied in Moscow) and they are openly out—as they have stated—for World Revolution.

Spain is Russia's latest acquisition. This world-wide propaganda requires ample funds; of course the U.S.S.R. have affirmed that they have no connection or control over these Bolshevik activities—but where does the money come from?

In face of Mr. MacDonald's sympathy with Russia, which was shown in his war-time appeal, "Hail to the Russian Revolution," it is the duty of all true Imperialists to be on their guard against any Bolshevik propaganda in the British Empire. He is reported to have said: "Empire and Imperialism are expressions that are obnoxious to any democratic party."

The League of Nations Union, in spite of the resignation of many important influential members, is making frantic efforts to keep its bantling "collective security" alive; but haply the country has at last realised the Gilbertian attitude the Union has adopted in urging sanctions at one moment, and in opposing rearmament the next.

If—God forbid!—India is to go the way of Ireland, thanks to 400 so-called Conservatives voting for the Socialist India Bill without a shadow of a mandate from this country, let us at least see that this country is no longer to be made the catspaw of this League of Nations Union, which is composed of internationalists who by their Peace Ballot Votes presume to dictate their policy to the Government—and if they had had their way would long since have embroiled us in war.

"SEPTUAGENARIAN."

### The International Ramp

SIR,—I must congratulate you on the reduction in price of the *Saturday Review*. I can only hope that the reduction will be permanent, when I shall be able to afford to be a regular reader.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis' latest book "Left Wings Over Europe" should be read by everyone, for it gives you an insight into the international ramp in support of Communism against national States like Germany and Italy, not to forget ourselves.

W. G. BLACKMORE.

7, Thornton Avenue, S.W.2.

### Truth for All

SIR,—I regard the reduction in price of the *Saturday Review* as an event of National importance.

At last every Briton can read the truth. May I respectfully congratulate her Ladyship?

Liverpool.

WORKING MAN.

### Wake Up, England!

SIR,—When the Great War broke out in 1914 England was to all intents and purposes asleep. She is going to sleep again, but some day she will get a rude awakening.

What England requires to-day is a strong man as Prime Minister, which Mr. Baldwin is not. As for the so-called League of Nations it is a farce and a failure. Let our Members of Parliament in the House of Commons talk less but get on with business and it will be much better. We do not desire war, but we must be ready.

EDWARD H. ATTHILL,  
late H.M.R.N. Service.

Ramsgate, Kent.

### Training in Sail

DEAR MADAM,

May I take the liberty to enclose for your information a cutting from to-day's *Daily Telegraph* of the picture of the launch of the "Horst Wessel," the new sail-training ship for the German Navy.

I have seen in the Press your Ladyship's generous and patriotic offer of a sailing ship to the Admiralty for training purposes, and I feel the country ought to be grateful to your Ladyship for the manner in which you so strenuously advocate the supremacy of Britain on the seas. One of the vital factors which can effect for good or ill our sea supremacy is the training of our officers, i.e., sail-training.

EX-R.N. OFFICER.  
Sail-Trained.

### What the Navy Thinks

MADAM,—

I have returned from a business round of Mediterranean ports in some of which our warships were stationed. I met some of our sailors on shore leave at various ports and made friends with them. The League of Nations Union would have been surprised and shocked to find how they are cursed by our sailors, who are under war conditions severed from home and family, for advocating Sanctions and the closing of the Suez Canal, while staying at home comfortably and making the sailors fight for their cracked-brain ideas.

The men don't want to fight for a cause which they see ridiculed in the papers they get—e.g., the *Daily Mail* leading articles and Poy's cartoons.

The League of Nations Union, headed by Lord Cecil, is trying to work up a repetition of the "mass hysteria" from which the nation suffered last December, regardless of the cost in the lives of our sailors involved.

Those in authority at home and abroad are presumably in touch with conditions in the Mediterranean. The "silent service" there is thinking hard. My warning after what I have heard is, "remember the censored and hush hush press of coarse Invergordon will say all goes well."

Guildford.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

[This is quite in accordance with the Government's sentimental idealism. To take into account the opinions of those who would have to do the actual fighting would be to face facts; and this would never do.—Ed.]



# READERS THINK

## He Looked And he Learned

MADAM,—

Will you kindly allow an old Conservative to tell how he was converted from Radicalism, and why, being a Conservative, he desires the conservation of the Conservative Party, and consequently, the withdrawal of its leadership from that lukewarm, so-called "National" Premier, Mr. Stanley Baldwin?

Like all English boys, I was born a radical; on a truly Conservative principle, I became a Liberal. After reading Henry George, I became a rabid Land Reformer. But, as a clerk to an Estate Agent, I learned there were two sides to the question. I was very sorry for the dispossessed Highland crofters, but I found that many Scottish estates made more money for the landlord, and more profitable work for the employees, from letting them for stalking than from crofting.

In town-house property I found that it was generally the tenants who made the slums and not the landlords. In tenement houses I have seen similar flats like a slum, or like a tidy cottager's home. These things gave me to think!

In pursuit of knowledge, I travelled abroad. I saw the Union Jack floating over nearly every coaling station at which my ship called. I saw it at Alexandria, where the British Army had suppressed a rebellion, and saved Egypt. I there saw the ruins of shelled houses, the walls blackened with incendiary fires, and the trees in the principal square, blasted with fire and shot.

Previously, in Paris, I had seen similar marks of "reformers," made under the Communists, and though I was very young at that time, these sights turned me still further from the "Left" side in politics.

### Just Rule

After having seen something of the British Colonies, and occupied territories, as in Egypt, and witnessing how much happier were the folks there, than they had been under their native rulers, I found myself admiring the British Empire. Later, by reading, and learning how the Colonies provided homes and work for our surplus population, I became a so-called Imperialist.

To this day, I cannot understand why the Liberals and Socialists object to the Colonies and Mandates forming part of the British Empire. The only explanation to me, lies in the word "Imperial," which seems to imply to them, a Tzar, or a Kaiser, and as the Socialists object to all governance, discipline and authority (except that of their own Trade Unions, the which they frequently flout), they object to Great Britain having an Empire.

After a long period of amalgamation, strife and striving, with gradually growing political progress, Great Britain and the English people eventually became the greatest, justest and safest nation in the world, and it is to conserve these great benefits—beneficial to other nations as well as to us—that I am a Conservative.

As such, I ardently desire to see the Party break away from its mischievous *mésalliance* with Liberals, Radicals, Socialists, and incipient Communists, and take and use office to preserve these great privileges for us and our children.

Our present leaders call on us to be "loyal to Geneva"; I, and you, Madam, call on all British citizens to be loyal to ourselves, to our King and our Country. As they say in "another place," "So mote it be!"

E. J. N. RICHARDSON.

Old Gloucester Street, W.C.1.

### A Council of Empire

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I am encouraged by seeing your attitude towards the Foreign policy of this country, as expressed in the *Saturday Review*. We are in a mess, and the more we can extricate ourselves from the whirlpool of Continental politics the better.

I would cut adrift from the League of Nations, and concentrate on making the British Empire what it ought to be. Why cannot we form a Council of Empire, a Council which should be in constant session, and thus give the Dominions a real opportunity of expressing their views on all Imperial matters? The Colonies, too, should take their place in this Council. I know that the Dominions would welcome it; for I have discussed it with all sorts of people in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. It is our stay-at-home Parliament that blocks any movement in this direction.

It would be a grand thing if it were enacted that no one could sit in our House of Commons unless he or she had spent twelve months in travelling round and making acquaintance with the Empire.

HERBERT MATTHEWS.

376, Strand, London, W.C.2.

### Visit British Spas

SIR,—At a time when holidays are looming near, may I put in a friendly word for the British Spa?

To many the very idea of going to a spa, unless it be a continental resort with a casino as the chief attraction, is repellent. For some strange reason the word 'spa' seems to suggest gloomy surroundings.

Perhaps that picture and idea were true in an earlier generation. They are emphatically unjust to-day. All our spas are bright and gay, and everything is done to make them cheerful, so that visitors of all ages can combine holiday-making with treatment, and, if they are not themselves taking the treatment, can enjoy the amenities of the modern holiday resort.

### Charming Environment

Because the spas of Great Britain are almost all extending what I may call the charm and colour of their environment, and that at a cost running into six figures for this year alone, I ask you to allow me to call especial attention to the places which are in this Federation. There are Bath, Bridge of Allan, Buxton, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Harrogate, Leamington, Llandrinod Wells, Strathpeffer, Trefriw, Woodhall and the spas of New Zealand.

British spas compare favourably with any other spas throughout the world. Their waters are as potent, the standard of their medical officers as high, the cost of the treatment provided is notoriously moderate. And, without exception, the spas are all in parts of the country famous either for their scenic beauty or their historical interest.

So come to the spas of England, Scotland and Wales this summer. They are an important British industry which deserves your support. Try them once and you will not regret it. And bring your golf-clubs, your tennis-rackets, your riding-boots, your dancing-pumps—you will want them all.

F. J. C. BROOME,

Hon. Secretary, British Spas Federation.

Harrogate.

# WHAT OUR READERS THINK

## The Next Conservative Premier ?

SIR,—This question is being considered by many people, and so several names have been suggested in some of our daily papers. I suggest Lord Lloyd. He has always expressed excellent views for the welfare of the British Empire and Nation. He is most patriotic, strong, consistent, and reliable. I am convinced that he will never let down the Nation.

"PATRIOT."

*Knocke, Belgium.*

## Pensions and Recruiting

SIR,—Having read the letter from Major J. G. Paget, pertaining to "Recruits for the Army," I was prompted to write the following which I hope will find its way into your admirable Journal.

Apart from the active side of a soldier's career, what about the aftermath of adversity which so often overtakes the ex-serviceman?

I need not dwell upon the callous indifference of the Government towards the ex-serviceman, for we have heard enough of it; but now it would seem that such consideration is making itself felt by way of a shortage of recruits.

Despite these facts, the Army of to-day is being loudly lauded as being "all right," and every conceivable cunning is being used to persuade the inexperienced that soldiering is the career of careers; a bait which apparently is not being accepted so readily by the potential recruit.

The Army is "all right" for the likes of Mr. Duff Cooper who has not suffered the destructive adversity of poverty; but what of the tens of thousands of ex-servicemen who can hardly exist?

Had they been rewarded with a suitable pension, it is certain that their sores would have been forgotten, and that with their influence, the youth of to-day would have flocked to the Colours.

Defence we must have, but it would be more to the credit of the country if all ex-Servicemen were adequately provided for; and not for them to be confronted with the gloomy prospect of having to spend the closing days of their lives in a Poor Law Institution.

AN EX-SERVICEMAN.

*London, S.W.1.*

## Italian Courtesy

SIR,—On Friday last, Signor Grandi opened an exhibition called "Modern Italy" at the Camera Club in the Adelphi. It was the day after the dramatic raising of sanctions in Parliament and British friends of Italy were privileged by an insight into the character of these great people.

The Ambassador was surrounded by the beautifully, quietly dressed ladies from the Embassy and secretaries and attachés. Never was there a word of self-congratulation or exuberance uttered, nor any criticism of their vanquished foes, Ethiopian or Liberal-Labour.

Their attitude was a paragon of serenity and restraint. It should be a model for all to copy. The Italians present spoke mainly of the restoration of friendship with Great Britain. His Excellency called this a "sentimental and political necessity."

Only one personality did I hear mentioned amid the throng—Lady Houston. For her there was deep appreciation of her inspired understanding. As I went away, the last phrase I heard was "quella simpatica Lady Houston."

RICHARD FLETCHER.

*London, W.1.*

## Sonnet to Lady Houston

Some folk concern themselves with Russian rule,  
And think all other but a sorry jest;  
They even dub an Englishman a fool  
Unless he do the Soviet's behest:  
Right without question you think otherwise,  
Dare to be British; God, and King proclaim,  
And will not countenance Red blasphemies  
Yelped out by mongrels, curs in all but name.

Red, white, and blue's the colour of our flag  
England the motherland we all revere;  
Vainly the Moscow murderers strut and brag,  
Infernal doth their Godlessness appear:  
Edward the Eighth, to-day, is Britain's King,  
We are his people; "Long may he reign!" we sing.

ROB THE RHYMER.

## Sanctions and Sanctimoniousness

MADAM,—

The phrases "Collective Security" and the "Rule of Law" were frequently used in the debate on Sanctions. Do the speakers using them know what they mean? There is no such thing as "collective security" unless each nation when voting for so-called "sanctions" against an aggressor declares what contribution in raw material and money it will make in support of its vote. As Mr. Baldwin said the forces of the League must be such as to ensure superiority against the aggressor. "Our experience has conclusively proved that collective security in anything approaching that form does not yet exist."

There has been no such thing as "Collective Security" from the start in the shape of spontaneous action of all members; it has been the reluctant following of Great Britain led by Mr. Eden. A struggle between England and Italy, instead of Italy and the League. Lloyd George accuses the Government of cowardice and one asks "where is the courage of the rest of the members of the League?" Perhaps Litvinoff who lectured the League on lack of courage will tell us?

Mr. Greenwood in his attack on the Government used the expressions "There was one effective weapon by which the 'rule of law' could be vindicated"; "Were we prepared to scale the heights for a 'rule of law' that meant something in the world." What does he mean by the phrase? Is it International Law? If it is the Law of the Covenant Lloyd George said "You can pursue any policy you like under the conditions of the Covenant." Or is the phrase just a resounding expression meaning nothing, but useful on League of Nations Union platforms?

One thing Mr. Greenwood is clear about and that is his hatred of Mussolini. "The step that the Government proposed to take was a complete surrender to Fascism and all that Fascism meant." He remembers that Mussolini rescued Italy from Communism and Syndicalism; presumably if Italy had been Bolshevik his attitude would have been different.

*Guildford, Surrey.*

A SUBSCRIBER.

## Clear Thinking

SIR,—I congratulate you on having kept the issues clear throughout this Abyssinian affair.

Some of your readers may not know that Abyssinia was named by the Arabs "Habesh" meaning "mixture" or "confusion" on account of the mixed character of the population.

Ethiopia too, the name adopted by the natives, is likewise a general term and once meant everybody south of Egypt. It did not apply to any particular people or language but only to a certain physical characteristic.

CONSTANT READER.

## NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

## Romance, Sentiment, Grim Reality

By the Literary Critic

MRS. ELINOR GLYN calls her vivaciously-written autobiography "Romantic Adventure" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, illustrated, 15s.). And her reason for selecting the particular epithet is set forth in the first chapter:—

"On looking back at my life, I see that the dominant interest, in fact the fundamental impulse behind every action, has been the desire for *romance*.

"I have sought it continuously, and have found it sometimes when it was least expected. . . ."

As for adventure, all life no doubt is that, but in Mrs. Glyn's case her literary and film work have provided their own special crop of varied and interesting experiences and at least on one occasion—when she was very nearly abducted in Russia—a full measure of thrills.

**"Three Weeks"**

Her autobiography suggests that she still feels rather sore over what she regards as wilful misconceptions—the "philistine view"—of the underlying *motif* of her most sensational novel, "Three Weeks."

She explains:—

"The Book meant everything to me; it was the outpouring of my whole nature, romantic, proud and passionate, but for ever repressed in real life, by the barriers of custom and tradition."

And she is able to tell us that people so different as Mark Twain and the late Lord Curzon fully approved of the book and "understood its meaning," while even an old "Scottish Professor of the History of Religions" was induced, after a thorough study of its pages, to change his preconceived ideas and to deliver his blessing with the words:—

"Lassie, I'm ashamed of my thoughts on it yesterday. Posterity will justify you."

Judged by latter-day standards, "Three Weeks" might perhaps seem to-day rather a mild affair.

**Darkest South America**

One may be excused for suspecting that it is a strain of excessive sentimentality that is responsible, in part at least, for Herr Hans Tolten's highly-coloured picture in his "Enchanting Wilderness" (translated by Ferdi Loesch, with 23 illustrations and a map, Selwyn & Blount, 15s.) of the baneful effects of "civilisation" on the primitive, but noble, autochthonous Indians whom the whites are busy exploiting and exterminating.

Still it is a fact that the champions of "civilisation" in South America have since Cortez' day frequently been anything but admirable representatives of the white races, and if Herr Tolten does allow his enthusiasm for the aborigines to carry him to the point of idealising them, it is impossible not to be impressed with his sincerity and with the artistry with which he reveals the whole enchantment of his "wilderness."

The story he has to tell falls into two parts, the first dealing with his efforts to establish a cotton plantation and the second describing a journey of exploration that was to bring him and his companions to the wilderness of the title and incidentally—the cause of the subsequent trouble—to the breeding-place of egrats.

**The Horrors of War**

No one in this country wants war or needs to be reminded what modern warfare involves.

And, if anything is certain, it is that the best and only way to prevent war is to show the world that one is prepared for it and ready to retaliate on any aggressor.

The mere showing up of the horrors of war to a people who are anything but war-minded is not only a work of supererogation, but is apt to degenerate into a dangerous pacifism.

This is the only criticism one would offer of an otherwise admirably written and produced book, "The War of the Guns," by Aubrey Wade (Batsford, 7s. 6d.).

In this we have a truly wonderful profusion of war photographs culled from official British, Australian, Canadian, American and German sources.

Then, apart from occasional bitterness inspired by hatred of war, Mr. Aubrey Wade's account of life in a battery during important phases of the war in France is exceedingly well done.

**The Air Menace**

Mr. George Fyfe has written an excellent book tracing the history of aviation through all stages from its first modest beginnings down to its latest developments and its great promise for the future, when even the stratosphere may have no secrets left to be discovered ("From Box-Kites to Bombers," John Long, 16s.). He has many tales to tell of men and machines in the course of his historical survey, and he also recounts his own war flying experiences in the Balkans.

But what obsesses him is the fear that in perfecting the aeroplane mankind has produced a military weapon of such immensely destructive potentialities that our whole civilisation is endangered.

"We conquered the air. The problem now is to see that it does not conquer us."

Neither Mr. Fyfe, nor for that matter Mr. Baldwin, can see any way how to prevent an aggressor from staging a massed attack from the air without warning on exposed centres of population.

That, however, is not to say that the problem is incapable of solution. And at least the nation that is really strong in the air has less cause to fear such sudden attack than one that is indifferently equipped for retaliation.



NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND—Continued

## Novels to Read

**T**HERE are elements of greatness in Mr. James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan" (Constable, 8s. 6d.). It is really a trilogy of three novels, previously published separately, but now combined under one title. It covers a period of some fifteen years in which the "tough" youth of the opening chapter gradually wears himself out by his excesses to his own death at thirty.

This story of a Chicago passing from a time of apparent prosperity into an era of disillusionment and depression does not make light reading. Its slang, like its hero, is somewhat "tough." But it is none the less singularly impressive, owing to the exceedingly vivid picture it presents of the seamy side of lower middle-class Chicago life.

The Law too often is a "Hass," and Mr. Eric Maxwell shows up its cruel blunderings as regards the control and care of mental defectives in a moving and ably written first novel, "Labour in Vain" (Grant Richards).

Cocktails and temperament play their part in Mr. Ian Miller's vivid little drama of modern life, "Who Pays?" (Newnes).

"Unquiet," by Joseph Gollomb (Lane, the Bodley Head), takes us from Tsarist Russia to the East Side of New York, which is the background for the main part of this grim and realistic story of a Jewish youth's struggles to rise above his sordid environment.

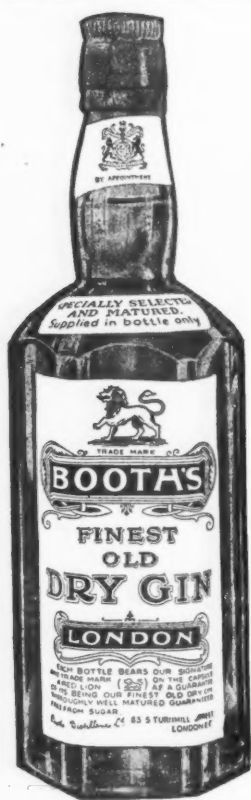
Historical novels are difficult to make wholly convincing, since the authors as well as their readers are apt to find their imagination restricted by well-established historical facts and traditional conceptions of character.

Mr. Hugh Talbot does, however, admirably succeed in surmounting this difficulty and giving us a clear character study in his romantic tale of the seventeenth century painter, Adriaen Brouwer ("Laughter from the Lowlands," Dent).

Ancient Egypt, so far as popular knowledge of its history is concerned, is largely unexplored country, and fiction writers who deal with it usually confine themselves to producing sinister phenomena supposed to be connected with its mysterious cults.

Mr. Jack Lindsay is not content with such methods. He considers Ancient Egypt deserves something better at the hands of the modern novelist. Accordingly, not only has he made a thorough study of the period of which he treats, but he has also founded his tale, "The Wanderings of Wenamen, 1115-1114" (Nicholson & Watson) on an actual papyrus record. And the result is a fine book.

"The Wind and the Rain," by Merton Hodge (Cassell), is the novel of the play of the same title and is distinguished for the excellence of its dialogue.



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 DRY GIN  
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# The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

**ABERFELDY.** Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA.** Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE.** Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY.** — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH.** NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST.** — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL.** — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOURNE END.** Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.** Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL.** Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON.** Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS.** Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD.** OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS.** Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

**CALLANDER.** Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE.** — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf 3 miles; boating, tennis.

**CARDIFF.** — Park Hotel. Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY.** — New Inn. High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYNDERWEN.** — Castle Hotel. Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE.** Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON.** ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWDERRY.** CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DULVERTON.** Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE.** — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

**ELY.** Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

**FALMOUTH.** Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW.** W.2. — Belhaven Hotel. 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

**GLASGOW.** C.2. — Grand Hotel. 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN.** Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE.** East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON.** Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE.** Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

**HERNE BAY.** — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

**ILFRACOMBE.** Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel.** High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY.** — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK.** English Lakes. The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH.** — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LOCH AWE.** Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmailly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON.** — Barkston House Hotel. 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

**CORE HOTEL.** 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL.** 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.-7; Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA.** 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

**SHAFTESBURY Hotel.** 44, St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

**THE PLAZA Hotel.** St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

**LOSSIEMOUTH.** Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH.** N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE.** N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.** — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL Hotel.** — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

**NEWTON STEWART.** Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

**NITON.** Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM.** Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

**PADSTOW.** Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

**PAIGNTON.** DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH.** Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- Garden.

**PETERBOROUGH.** — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH.** Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK.** WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

**RICHMOND.** Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

**RIPON.** Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

**ROSS-ON-WYE.** — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

**SALISBURY.** Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

**SALOP.** — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

**SCARBOROUGH.** Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 39. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL Hotel.** Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH.** — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

**SOUTH UIST.** Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**STOKE-ON-TRENT.** — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

**STOCKBRIDGE.** HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 6s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

**STRANRAER.** Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

**TEIGNMOUTH.** Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

**TEWKESBURY.** Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

**TORQUAY.** — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

**PALM COURT Hotel.** Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

**VIRGINIA Water.** Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

**WALTON-ON-NAZE**—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

**WARWICK**.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed, 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

**WINDERMERE**.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed, 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

**YARMOUTH**.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

### HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

**BLACKPOOL**.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

**BOURNEMOUTH**.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

**BRIGG**, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

**BRIGHTON**.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

**BRISTOL**.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

**BUDE**, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., 4 gns. each, per week—full board. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis, bathing.

**BURNTISLAND**, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel, Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

**CHELMSFORD**, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

**CHELTENHAM SPA**.—Visit the Baysall Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

**PLYMOUTH** Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

**DAWLISH**, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendaal, prop.

**EASTBOURNE**.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

**EDINBURGH**.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

**FALMOUTH**, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Prop. Phone: 141.

**MADEIRA PRIVATE** Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

**FELIXSTOWE**, SUFFOLK.—Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

**FERNDOWN**, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

**FOLKESTONE**.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

**FOLKESTONE**.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—3-4 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop. Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

**GOATHLAND**, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

**HASTINGS**.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

**HEREFORD**.—The Residence Hotel. Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

**ILFRACOMBE**.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

**ILFRACOMBE**.—Candar Hotel, Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

**DILKUSA**.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

**IMPERIAL** Hotel. Promenade facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

**INVERNESS**.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress. Mrs. J. Macdonald.

**LEAMINGTON SPA**.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

**SPA** Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

**LEICESTER**.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf, tennis.

**LINCOLN**.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf.

**LANGOLLEN**.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

**LOCH-SHIEL ARGYLL**.—Ardashealach Hotel, Acharrach. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-; G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**LONDON**.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

**ARLINGTON HOUSE** Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

**ARTILLERY MANSIONS** Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone. Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

**BONNINGTON HOTEL**, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 250 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

**CORA** Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

**KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS** Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash racket.

**LADBROKE** Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 5½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

**LIDLINGTON** Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T. Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

**MANOR HOTEL**, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden, Billiards.

**NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL** Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

**OLD CEDARS** Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

**PALACE GATE** Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

**RAYMOND'S PRIVATE** Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

**STANLEY HOUSE** Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 8. Pens., fr. 2½ gns.; 4 gns. double. Tennis.

**SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE**, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

**STRATHALLAN** Hotel, 88, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

**WEST CENTRAL** Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din. 3/6.

**WOODHALL** Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

**LYNTON**, N. Devon. — Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun. 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond, 908. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

**THE OSBORNE** Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

**OXFORD**.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

**PHILLACK**, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

**SCARBOROUGH**, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

**SHAFTESBURY**, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

**SHANKLIN**, I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Kents Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

**SOUTHSEA**, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

**STROUD**, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

**TENBY**, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

**TORQUAY**.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

**GLEN DEVON** Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

**NETHWAY PRIVATE** Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

**UIG**, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**CHELTENHAM SPA**, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswolds, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys. Shakespeareland, etc. Endless entertainment, sport for all. Illustrated guide free from Dept. S.G., Town Hall, Cheltenham.

**GERMANY**.—Read the facts about Germany's desire for peace and general recovery. Free Literature in English from Dept. 8, Deutscher Fichtebund, Hamburg 36, Jungfernstieg, 30.

**MEMBERSHIP OF THE INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU** brings relief. Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.



# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## Australia and British Films

From an Australian Correspondent

THE bright future of British films in Australia and New Zealand was discussed with me by Mr. Ernest Turnbull, one of the most powerful figures in the film industry in the Commonwealth, before he left London for home.

"Australia and New Zealand undoubtedly are fonder of British films than any country in the world, not even excluding Great Britain," he said.

Mr. Turnbull is managing director of the recently-created Dominions Films Distributors, Ltd.

He took back with him to Melbourne a contract with a leading English group under which its productions will be handled in a specialised manner throughout Australia and New Zealand. In some cases, they will appear in chains of cinemas which concentrate upon English films.

The next step in the arrangement made by Mr. Turnbull is the showing in England of films made in Australia. The producing industry there is still in its infancy, and its scope must for long be restricted.

Mr. Turnbull's organisation has no intention of embarking upon production until it is confident that it can reach at least London standards. But when that time comes—and the Australian climate is especially suited to the filming of outdoor scenes—there will be provision for reciprocal showing in England.

Since the talkie era, Australia has been an increasingly rich field for British films. Their success has coincided with the decline of the theatre in the Commonwealth. Audiences for British films are drawn largely from those who formerly concentrated upon the stage.

The new tariff schedules recently tabled in Australia will give further assistance to the British film industry through the retaliatory measures taken against imports from the United States, the efforts made by the Commonwealth to establish a trade agreement with the United States having failed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Turnbull has been urging upon British producers that, if they are to take full advantage of the opportunities of the Australian market, they must concentrate upon the type of film which, in the past, has brought them most success.

Australian audiences refuse to be harrowed. By environment and upbringing, they are reluctant to be asked to think too much about the morrow.

The preference is, therefore, for musical shows and crisp English comedies. Provided these are forth-

coming, Mr. Turnbull has assured British producers that they will be certain of the maximum return from a community of ardent cinema-goers.

In a further endeavour to diagnose the film taste of a whole Continent, Mr. Turnbull added that dialect films were fore-doomed to failure in the Commonwealth. Gracie Fields is the only English artist from whom the Australian film-goer will accept dialect gratefully.

The Australian film censorship—with which English producers have often been in trouble—now has power to decide upon the artistic quality as well as the propriety of films submitted to it.

It now can, and frequently does, reject pictures not because it thinks scene or dialogue is undesirable, but because they are poor in entertainment value.

Assuming that the censors' standard of judgment is open-minded and flexible, that, it seems to me, is a method which might profitably be adopted elsewhere.

Mr. Turnbull, whose interests are just as much English as Australian, has only praise for the aesthetic qualities of the censors. They are, he says, the best friends the British film industry has in the Commonwealth.

## Pests which will Save Fortunes

A Fly which Cost £20,000,000

A SPECIAL nursery for the breeding of pests is being opened in Canada this week.

The occasion will be a landmark in the agricultural history of the Empire, for the nursery will be the most up-to-date research laboratory of its kind in the world and will ultimately save fruit and crop growers throughout the world millions of pounds a year.

Its benefits will extend even to the amateur gardeners in our own suburbs who spend their summer evenings tending their plants and flowers.

The Laboratory experts will study ways and means of controlling parasites by breeding other parasites to destroy them. It is a profitable application of the principle of dog eating dog.

Into the establishment and equipment of the Laboratory, which has been built at Belleville, Ontario, there has gone the accumulated experience of fifty years of intensive research in all parts of Canada and Europe.

The part which Britain herself has played in its foundation will be stressed by the presence at the opening ceremony of Dr. W. R.

Thompson, Chief of the Agricultural Research Station at Farnham Royal.

One of the most stubborn of the pests which the nursery-born pests are to destroy is the European Saw-fly, which has done untold damage to fruit reserves.

Consignments of parasites gathered in cocoon form from forests in Czecho-Slovakia were imported some time ago and released to wage war on the Saw-fly, and one of the principal tasks to which the new Laboratory will be applied will be to study the effect of this counter-invasion.

Other pests which are marked down for destruction by similar methods bear such suggestive names as the Larch Saw-fly, which, in one year, did damage to the extent of £20,000,000 in Eastern Canada alone, the greenhouse White Fly—on which four-winged Chalcid flies are being unleashed—the oriental Fruit Moth, which some years ago destroyed sixty-four per cent. of the peach crop in important growing areas in Ontario, the Satin Moth, the Pine Shoot Moth, the Balsam Cherrie and the European Corn Borer, against which nearly five million parasites have been launched.

In discovering the most effective breeds of counter-parasites the Ministry of Agriculture in England has co-operated vigorously with Canada for many years, sending entomologists to all parts of Europe to collect the precious pests.

The results of this work in the new laboratory will be made available to the whole world. Every country therefore, is directly or indirectly lending its assistance.

It is appropriate that Canada, the leading agricultural nation in the world, should be taking the recognised lead in eliminating some of the worst plagues to which agriculture as a whole has for generations been subjected.

## Government Hotel

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

IN England a certain stigma attaches to visits to prison, but in East Africa prison is a very pleasant place—for a native.

In it he meets his friends, has excellent food and accommodation, and does minute quantities of work. In fact prison is known to the natives as "The Government Hotel."

In view of this frame of mind stockmen and agriculturists are considerably handicapped.

If any of a farmer's employees have committed one of a dozen crimes he can do nothing until a warrant has been obtained from the magistrate who visits the district but twice a month.

Neglect of duty which may cost a farmer hundreds of pounds is not

cognisable to the police. By the time the victim has motored anything from twenty to fifty miles both ways to get a warrant the native may easily have disappeared and very possibly never be caught.

Unless one catches a native in *flagrante delicto*—a rare event—stealing cream, butter, maize, tea, etc., one rarely obtains a conviction.

If found guilty he may be sentenced to pay a fine of ten pounds or in default a month in prison.

Such a sentence is farcical and merely encourages further crime; short terms of imprisonment are useless as a deterrent or punishment.

Having made, to him, a young fortune from stealing his master's produce what is he to think when he finds he gets off with a fortnight's "Holiday"?

For this reason the Government's decision to revert fully to the old Registration System is to be welcomed as it assists in tracing "bad hats."

Those who talk about the "wrongs" suffered by the "poor native" have no idea of the true state of affairs.

It must never be forgotten that no native is ever hungry—if there is a famine Government immediately feeds him—he is never cold and lives in an equable climate seeing the sun daily nor does he need to seek work.

Can this be said for all White people, even in Great Britain?

If, instead of sending large sums of money to African Missions, people spent it on their own colour, far more good would result from the money.

Unfortunately the average mission boy is a far better liar and thief than his Heathen brother, and this is high praise!!

If Missions concentrated on teaching natives to be clean, honest, and respectful some good would be done for all concerned.

### A Port with a Future

**JULY 1st** will be celebrated in Canada and by the Canadian community here as Dominion Day.

But nowhere, even by the most perfervid Imperialist, will the occasion be honoured more vigorously than in Vancouver, Canada's great Pacific port, which starts on that day the celebration of its own Golden Jubilee.

Compared with most other seaports of Canada and elsewhere, Vancouver is a mere child, yet it possesses one of the finest natural harbours in existence, covering 48 square miles with a total shore line of 98 miles.

Fifty years ago Vancouver, named after Captain George Vancouver, who first planted the British flag on the spot in 1792, had a population of 600; to-day it is a quarter of a million and is still growing.

It is growing so fast, indeed, that the day is not far distant when Vancouver will be one of the greatest cities in the world.

British capital is building there one of the largest suspension bridges in the world; already the port of call for 46 shipping services and the terminal of the trans-Canada railroads and the great Pacific Highway reaching down to Mexico, it is destined to be the junction of the trans-Canada and trans-Pacific Air Routes of the Empire.

It is also to stand sentinel over the beginning and the end of the great trans-Canada highway now nearing completion after years of labour.

Never had a more promising city greater cause to celebrate its past.

### Bulawayo Calling Ottawa

**SOUTHERN Rhodesia** wants to sell more to Canada, and Mr. J. L. Muttter, the Canadian Trade Commissioner there, is going to Johannesburg's Empire Exhibition to see what he can do about it.

Canada is third on the list of Empire countries supplying Rhodesian requirements—an indication both of Canada's enterprise and Rhodesia's Imperial enthusiasms.

Mr. Muttter's chief objective in going to the Empire Exhibition is to encourage the many Canadian visitors to make the trip northwards to Rhodesia. To see a country is often the first step towards buying her goods.

### Cheap Travel to the Empire Exhibition

**THE Rhodesian, South African and Portuguese East African Railways** have announced that Overseas visitors to the Empire Exhibition, landing at Beira, Lorenzo Marques or any port in the Union of South Africa, will be granted a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on the fares over those systems.

Special excursion facilities are available to parties of four and various concessions are provided for school children.

### A Gold Production Record

**THE gold production for April last in Southern Rhodesia** was a record for any month since 1917, being 68,694 fine ounces, an increase of 1,344 ounces over the previous month and 10,173 ounces more than the corresponding month in 1935.

Financially the contrast is still more striking, since gold is now worth nearly three pounds an ounce more than in 1917.

### Early Treasures of Rhodesia

**SOUTHERN RHODESIA** is so young that she has still a number of her earliest settlers living in the Colony they helped to establish. In Salisbury they have been holding a Victorian Exhibition, though Queen Victoria had celebrated her

Jubilee before Rhodes sent the Pioneer Column to occupy Mashonaland.

For the instruction of the young and to refresh the memories of the not-so-young, clothes, household utensils, jewellery, shawls, crockery, and various Victorian household goods were publicly displayed. An article that seems to have aroused particular interest was a flannel petticoat, beautifully embroidered, once worn by a Rhodesian bride beneath her wedding gown.

Another item that attracted much attention, though, of course, an anachronism in a Victorian Exhibition, was a "Breeches Bible," a great rarity the world over, lent by its fortunate Rhodesian owner.

### Indian Princes' Chamber "Not Dead"

**THE recent resignations and other indications of unrest in the Indian Princes Order** have naturally given rise to reports that the Princes' Chamber is dead.

These reports are now strenuously denied by Mr. M. C. Sharma, Secretary to the Chancellor of the Chamber; but it may be doubtful whether his denials will convince anyone who knows the truth about the Princes' real attitude towards Federation.

In a statement made to the Associated Press Mr. Sharma says:—

"The fact that a few States, for various reasons have expressed a desire to secede from or their unwillingness to take an active part in, the Chamber's activities, cannot be taken to mean that the Chamber has ceased to exist or exists only in name or has gone into liquidation.

A large number of big States still pay their annual subscription towards the upkeep of its machinery and are members.

"There is no public institution in which there are no differences of opinion and those that exist in the Chamber of Princes are by no means unbridgeable.

"The Chamber Executive, rulers of States and responsible Ministers who have the good of the order of Princes at heart are endeavouring to bring about a state of affairs which would be conducive to a larger and more cordial measure of collaboration between States big and small and help them to pull their weight in the difficult times that are ahead of them."

### Indian Women Voters

Although the All India Women's Conference has denounced the extended franchise for women provided by the Government of India Act as "inadequate," unsatisfactory and disappointing," its organisers (the *Statesman* says) wisely decided to make the best of what has been conceded and are embarking upon a propaganda campaign in every province with the object of getting every possible woman voter on to the electoral rolls.



# FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

New Zealand—the Last Colonised Dominion

By Professor A. P. Newton

IT is a matter of common remark that among all the British Dominions New Zealand is more like the mother country than any other, and the habits and ways of its people are closely similar to those in Great Britain.

In some ways this may be due to the similarity of their island climates for New Zealand is surrounded by the waters of the South Pacific with a clear outlook to the South Pole as Britain is by the North Atlantic.

Thus their diversity of weather tends to vigour and initiative where more equable climates or those with greater extremes produce slackness or uniformity.

But probably historical causes have been more potent than geographical in promoting the similarity, and this is due to the fact that New Zealand was the last of the colonies of settlement and that its initiators avoided some of the earlier mistakes.

The most active projector of schemes for the colonisation of the island group was Edward Gibbon Wakefield, but he was able to interest in his schemes many men of high position and liberal views who were among the most progressive leaders of their time.

Wakefield had quarrelled with the promoters of the first colonising scheme that he put forward, that of Southern Australia, and before the first colonists had reached Adelaide

in 1836, he had abandoned all connection with South Australia.

He had no responsibility for the initial difficulties of that settlement, but he pointed them out as what was to be avoided when he was advocating new schemes for the colonisation of New Zealand in 1838-9.

He desired to find his emigrants among all classes of the community from labourers and artisans upwards to men who had some capital of their own and were likely to farm successfully upon a considerable scale.

The first settlement began in the North Island in 1839 round Port Nicholson where Wellington now stands, and a year or so later other settlements at Nelson and Palmerston were begun which had many initial difficulties with the Maori tribes around them and thus had their progress impeded.

But it was in the South Island where the most successful schemes were initiated under Wakefield's inspiration during the 40's, for there were very few native inhabitants there, and so the progress of the settlements was unhampered.

It was to two of those schemes especially that the peculiarly British character of New Zealand was due—the English settlement round Christchurch and in the rich Canterbury plains, and the Scottish settlement in Otago round Dunedin.

In each case there was a strong religious inspiration in promoting the settlement, and this formed a correlating and stiffening element which other colonies had often lacked.

Under the lead of Lord Lyttelton and men of high purpose and statesmanship like John Robert Godley the settlement of Christchurch was built up round a Church of England centre and it attracted men of all classes from labourers to professional men and men of ancient family.

## EMIGRATION New Zealand NEW ZEALAND LAND COMPANY

Governer—The EARL OF DUNELM.

People Government—James & Co. Ltd.

THE NEW ZEALAND LAND COMPANY, LIMITED, has the honor to inform you that the following is a list of the land available for sale in the Otago District, and that the same is open for sale at the rate of 10s. per acre.

THE LAND OF JULY 1839

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THE LAND OF SEPTEMBER 1839

THE LAND OF OCTOBER 1839

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# Are Monetary Troubles Ahead?

By Our City Editor

**D**ESPITE the reassurances now being given in official and banking circles to the contrary, all is not quiet on the monetary front. With the approach of the end of the half-year the spectre of dearer money became apparent to the Government, and the Treasury has taken the necessary steps to prevent the discount rate rising over the one per cent. level, though even 1 per cent. would not appear to be excessive to the non-official mind. It is obvious that dearer money rates must return in the future, but it is clear also that the time of their arrival is to be postponed by every artificial measure which the Treasury can employ.

For the moment, events in France give some check to those who were hoping that franc devaluation would in due course hasten the return of something like normal international monetary and trading conditions. The non-existence of the necessity for financing international trade on a large scale undoubtedly enables the "cheap money" era at home to be prolonged. But we have by now reaped almost the whole of the benefits to be derived from this policy and it has become vital to establish peace through trade revival—a more substantial and lasting method than any number of abortive conferences for disarmament and the rest. No doubt we shall hear more in the near future about "means of access" to raw materials, and there has been much talk of British loans for Germany. Surely the best "means of access" to raw materials lies in the re-establishment of means of exchange, which will render unnecessary nonsensical talk of handing over colonies and mandated territories. Britain has now reorganised her heavy industries to such an extent that she should be capable of securing her share of increased international trade, and any attempts by foreigners to prevent this can be answered by such protective measures as are shown to be necessary.

## Gilt-edged and Taxation

At each reassurance as to the continuance of "cheap money" gilt-edged take a fresh lease of life, and the upward movement has been assisted by the removal of "sanctions." But a long view cannot assume otherwise than that gilt-edged are over-valued, more especially when taxation prospects are taken into account. Of what use is it to the investor to buy 3½ per cent. War Loan to

give a yield, when the premium is taken into account, of only 3 per cent. gross to redemption? This return is actually only £2 5s. 9d. per cent. allowing for deduction of tax at 4s. 9d. in the £, and there is every likelihood of the net yield being reduced further. Considerable benefits must accrue from "cheap money" to make good the enormous shrinkage in spending-power which results to the rentier class from this policy. It is little wonder that more interest is taken by the investor in prospects of capital appreciation than in investment income.

## Cable and Wireless

The coming changes in administration of Cable and Wireless, the £30,000,000 operating company, controlled in turn by Cable and Wireless (Holding) which has capital of over £46,000,000, will give stockholders in the combine hopes of better things to come. Since the merger company was formed to take over the prosperous cable undertakings it has been unable to pay even the full dividends on its 5½ per cent. preference stock. Protests have been made on occasion by the unfortunate holders of the "A" and "B" ordinary stocks, which stand at 21½ and 6½ respectively per £100 stock, against the absence of any prospect of dividend and it is surprising that more hard words have not been used. Taking into account the expected reorganisation, the "A" stock at 21½ may prove profitable as a lock-up, but the capital is so large that improvement in fortunes of the combine will take a long time to show.

## Century of Insurance Progress

The story of our great insurance companies is one of the romances of British financial history and a notable contribution is made by the work produced as a memento of the Centenary attained this year by the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. The story is told by Mr. J. Dyer Simpson, one of the General Managers, who records how the Liverpool Fire and Life Insurance Company commenced business on May 1st, 1836. It was essentially a Liverpool office and it was intended, as regards fire business, to overcome the discrimination shown by the London offices against Liverpool commercial property risks. The company had by no means an easy time in its early years and a series of disastrous fires reduced reserves to a low figure but trade prosperity helped it to overcome its difficulties and in ten years it was established also in Scotland, Ireland and London while it took the initiative in re-establishing contact with New York through an agency there.

The Globe Insurance Company of London was acquired in 1864 and from that date great progress was made so that premium income soon exceeded the £1,000,000 mark. Life business was always a feature of the Company's activity and, in association with the Royal Insurance, enormous strength has been built up for the group. Now the Liverpool and London and Globe has premium income approaching £10,000,000, and funds of £27,000,000.

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## THEATRE NOTES

## "Miss Smith"

Duke of York's Theatre

By Henry Bernard.

IT is always a pleasure to welcome back to the London stage an artist who has been absent from it for far too long. Miss Olga Lindo in the not so far distant past has given so many first-rate performances in the West End that her return is to me at least an event to anticipate with pleasure and with the sure knowledge that disappointment is out of the question.

I went to the Duke of York's therefore to see Miss Lindo rather than to see "Miss Smith," and I am very glad I did. I am still not quite sure where Mr. Henry Bernard's Miss Smith left off and where Miss Olga Lindo's Olga Lindo began, but between them it was all very good fun.

Miss Smith is one of those people who have a genius for putting things right. She can arrange flowers, separate quite a nice young man from quite a nasty young woman, transform other people's children into the well-behaved paragons their parents imagine them to be, manage her own love affair in quite an efficient way and still find the time to settle what seemed likely to develop into rather an ugly strike.

Mr. Bernard's play is, to say the least of it, ingenious. We all know the stage paragon and the rather stupid characters whose destinies she

controls from below stairs. In less capable hands this might have been just one of those plays which crop up from time to time. Mr. Jack de Leon was wise enough, however, to embellish it with an extremely capable cast. Apart from Miss Lindo, there were Miss Dora Gregory as the incapable *mater familias*, who bore the first act on her capable shoulders; Mr. Julian Mitchell as the putative head of the family, who gave a superb picture of blustering weakness, and Miss Phyllis Konstam, whose "pleased-to-meet-you" gold-digger was a thing of sheer joy.

I sincerely hope Miss Smith will remain at the Duke of York's for a long time. There are one or two things I should like to consult her about myself.

## "Lucretia"

Arts Theatre Club

By Ernita Lascelles.

DESCRIBED as a "fresh and amusing treatment of the Borgia family history" (*vide* programme), this play is in costume with up-to-date dialogue and wisecracks. But, though at times there seemed to be makings of a romping burlesque, these faded out, and we were left with a Cesare and Lucretia whose treatment of their supreme art (murder) was merely crude and not very amusing. Reginald Tate gave a good impersonation of a sleek and rather supercilious Cesare.

C.S.

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## CINEMA

## A Foreign Robin Hood

BY MARK FORREST

THE last Czecho-Slovakian picture which I saw was a film called *Reka*, which was shown at the Academy some time last year. The management of this cinema has now followed it up with another of a somewhat different kind, the title of which is *Janosik*.

*Reka* was a dreamy, romantic film, rather slow in action, but containing plenty of outdoor photography, which makes a welcome change from the office furniture that forms the background of so many British and American productions. *Janosik*, also, is photographed for the most part in the open air, and the shots of the scenery are the best things about the production; but, unlike *Reka*, this story has plenty of action, though a good deal of it is somewhat naïve in execution.

Janosik is a national hero of Czecho-Slovakia who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century, and his exploits bear some resemblance to those of our Robin Hood. Angered by the oppression of the nobles, and especially by that of Count Sandor who kills his father, Janosik with a band of peasants flies to the mountains whence he proceeds to take toll of the Sandor's flocks and to raid the castle whenever the occasion affords. His activities, however, soon enjoy a wider scope than that provided by a personal feud, and he strikes far and wide in order to provide food and ducats for the poor.

As his menace increases, so do the forces against him, and eventually he and his band are forced to take refuge in the highest peaks. Unable to dislodge him from there by straightforward means, Snador sends a gypsy who tells Janosik that the soldiers have left the village and that his sweetheart, Anka, is waiting to see him. Janosik and his band fall into the trap and the leader goes to his death—an unpleasant one of being hanged on the gallows from a hook in his ribs—after he has refused to disclose the whereabouts of the rest of his comrades.

Some of his exploits remind one of the palmy days of Douglas Fairbanks, but for the most part the elements both of suspense and surprise are missing. This makes the plot a little hollow, but the recompense lies in the mountain scenery of Terchov and Levoc—the traditional home of the story.

As Janosik, Palo Bielik looks both handsome and dashing, but, while the picture gives him plenty of exercise, there are few opportunities in it to judge the measure of his ability as an actor.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

Czechoslovakia's Robin Hood,

**"JANOSIK" (A)**

A stirring tale of adventure.

## BROADCASTING

## Horrors of Pronunciation

BY ALAN HOWLAND

SOMETHING has got to be done about the way in which the English language is being mutilated every day by the B.B.C. and its employees. For some years now people have referred in a jocular fashion to certain idiosyncrasies of pronunciation as "B.B.C. English." So long as it remained a joke no particular damage was done, but now that the man in the street is taking it seriously the time has come to rid ourselves of the high-falutin' excrescences and the emasculated mumbling which the B.B.C. crams into our ears at all hours of the day.

## Three Examples

Last week I was unlucky enough to hear three horrific examples of B.B.C. English, any one of which might have roused me to the pitch of committing murder and at the same time ensured a verdict of justifiable homicide. Let me enumerate them. One of the announcers, who would be well advised to preserve his anonymity lest I should ever find myself in his presence armed with a lethal weapon, by placing a deliberate emphasis on the second syllable of "Ascot" culpably transformed a perfectly good trochee into a spondee. Another had the effrontery to place the accent on the first syllable of the word "Tattoo," thereby transmogrifying a thumping iambus into a limping trochee and stopping me from going to Aldershot. A third, whose name I know, but would not for worlds divulge, placed the accent in the word "crustacea" on the penultimate syllable instead of the antepenultimate.

## Power Abused

These unprovoked attacks on our language were either the result of crass ignorance or else they were carefully planned assaults engineered by the pronunciation committee and sponsored by Sir John Reith and his Yes-Men—or should one say his "och-aye-men"?

If it is a question of ignorance the public has a right to know why it must be served by people who would seem to have no recognisable qualifications for their jobs. If on the other hand it is malice aforethought, those of us who love our language with all its strengths and its weaknesses, its inconsistency, its tradition and its grandeur must combine to see that no pettifogging bureaucracy has the power to present to the world at large a niggling, apologetic, inaccurate, spineless, cock-tail-party version of that splendid tongue which we are all proud to speak.

The B.B.C. has it in its power to restore some of the departed glory to this great language of ours. That it prefers with the help of its staff and its quasi-American dance band leaders to debase it is one more example of its failure to realise its own responsibilities.



# LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told :

"Well, what's the matter with you ?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man ; "what more do you want—the *plague* ?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia, and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is :—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

## THE CURE

( This is not for lazy people ! )

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos) dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done *immediately*, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, table-spoonfuls of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a table-spoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

*The Drugs to buy :—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.*

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

The following article by Lady Houston was originally published in the *Saturday Review* July 13th 1935

## Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations ? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—**FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND**—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the "**SHEET ANCHOR**" OF THE GOVERNMENT !!

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them ! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "**SHEET ANCHOR**" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "**SHEET ANCHOR**" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question :—

### WHAT IS CONSERVATISM ?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the MONARCHY—which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL" which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA ?**

